

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## KEEPING THE WORD OF A SAXON KING

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Two

### SHAKESPEARE NEWS

#### A LITTLE MORE TO ADD TO THE LITTLE

#### Did He Take His English Stories From His Friend?

#### HOLINSHED'S CHRONICLE

Another grain of gold comes from the lost mine of Shakespeare's early life. The discoverer is Dr Leslie Hotson, the astonishing American professor who pays us periodical visits of Shakespearean exploration.

It was he who, having first revealed the truth about the death of Marlowe, found documents possibly identifying the real Justice Shallow of two of Shakespeare's plays.

Now Dr Hotson tells us, through The Times, something of the little-known Raphael Holinshed, to whom Shakespeare owed so much of the material for his history plays.

#### A History of England

A Cheshire man of Elizabethan days, Holinshed was steward to Thomas Burdett, the squire of Bramcote, Warwickshire, yet found time to write a famous Chronicle, a history of England, which is immortal because Shakespeare used it as the source of 13 of his plays.

The new discovery shows that the squire was also lord of the manor of Packwood, a village near Stratford, and that there for many years Holinshed conducted the manorial court. Dr Hotson has found the record of a case tried in 1561 by Holinshed in which are named three of the five sons of Christopher Shakespeare of Packwood. One of them, John Shakespeare, is stated in the document to be living at the time at Stratford. He may have been the father of the poet, who was born three years after the trial.

As Dr Hotson points out, Holinshed must have been intimately acquainted with these Shakespeares, and may have even been on terms of friendship with our great Shakespeare, who was within two years of marriage when, in 1580, the Chronicler died. It is a romantic probability. From Holinshed, assisted by one or two old plays now lost, Shakespeare takes the story not only for King John, the two Richards, and the seven Henry plays, but for Macbeth, Lear, and Cymbeline.

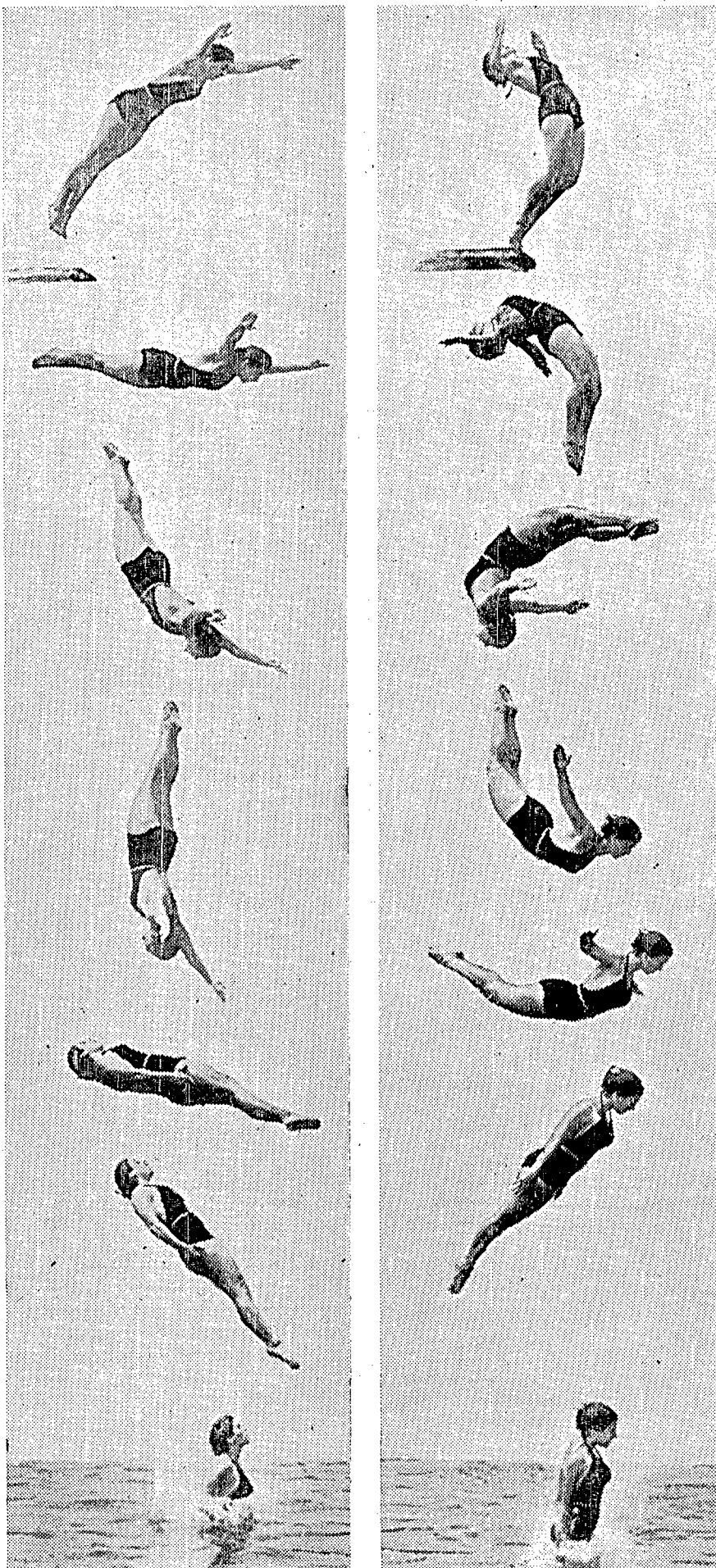
We like to think our national poet may have taken this material from a friend and not from a stranger.

#### Legends in the Plays

When we read English history in Shakespeare we generally have Holinshed transformed, but sometimes the plays use the very words of the Chronicle. All Holinshed's legends are in the plays, including the omens from blazing stars, the witches in Macbeth, the wild youth of Prince Hal, his assault on the Chief Justice, the casting-off of his riotous

Continued in the last column

### Somersault Diving



In these pictures Janice Lifson, an expert American diver, shows us how to turn forward and backward somersaults before entering the water feet first.

### SAFETY PETROL?

#### A SLOW-BURNING SOLID FUEL

#### One of the Perils of Our Age May Disappear

#### NO ACCIDENTAL EXPLOSIONS

The long-hoped-for invention of solid petrol seems to be coming nearer.

A chemist at New York University, Dr Prussin, has prepared a block of it and has submitted it to the severest tests. Four explosive bullets were fired into it and it did not explode. Then some of it was heated in a metal dish over a Bunsen burner and it did not catch fire. When the flame was applied directly to it it burned gently away.

This extreme tameness might make people think that the solid fuel would be rather too gentle in a motor engine which is driven by rapidly succeeding explosions, but a small laboratory motor runs smoothly on the fuel and has been doing so for weeks. Those who have been experimenting with it declare that the results are as good as when ordinary liquid petrol is used.

#### Theory of Employment

The theory of its employment is that the fuel enclosed in a jacket is heated by the exhaust from the engine and the heat is sufficient to create a vapour which is drawn into the combustion chamber.

Sooner or later this solid fuel is bound to come into use. A solid substitute for methylated spirit already exists and is satisfactory. Petrol is harder to solidify while preserving its essential qualities, as the 16 years research on Dr Prussin's fuel shows.

But if the petrol which feeds the engine of the car and the plane could be solidified to a fuel that does not explode accidentally one of the most terrible perils of the Age of Speed would disappear.

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companions on coming to the throne. The speech he makes as Henry the Fifth in Shakespeare, justifying his claim to the French throne, is pure Holinshed. When we read the Chronicle's description of Wolsey's banquet we see Shakespeare's play of Henry the Eighth; and Holinshed's picture of Catherine of Aragon before the court set up to try her case is practically repeated in Shakespeare's stage directions for the setting of the scene.

Except for two words altered by Shakespeare, the queen's moving appeal to her heartless husband is Holinshed's:

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice  
And to bestow your pity on me; for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions . . .

The real author of these lines seems to have been the very first formative influence in the intellectual life of our greatest genius.



## PERILS OF THE LITTLE SHIPS

### LAWFUL BUT NOT SAFE

#### Sad Sacrifice of the Lives of Gallant Men

#### DANGER THEY NEED NOT FACE

Possessing the finest mercantile ships in the world, we have all been shocked by the findings of the Wreck Commission as to the loss of the Glasgow steamer *Blairgowrie*, sunk with her crew of 26 in an Atlantic storm last February.

The Commission holds that the storm was not alone accountable; the *Blairgowrie* was not in good and seaworthy condition on sailing; many vessels survived the same storm. It was fitted in compliance with the law, but apparently the law is inadequate to safeguard the lives of men at sea.

#### Serious Defects

It must have been known to everyone acquainted with her, says the report, that the *Blairgowrie* had serious defects, but expenditure was kept down, and the competent deck hands were employed on tasks which must have lessened the work they did in port.

In heavy seas she shipped great quantities of water; there were repeated crackings of her shell, and in rough weather rivets tended to work loose. If the pumps were not working water accumulated to as much as 16 feet in the forepeak, and, on the instructions of the captain, the chief officer made false entries in his log as to the depth.

Technically the *Blairgowrie* had a sufficient complement of deck hands, but for practical purposes she had not. The managers of the vessel, the report points out, were not careful as to manning, and expenses of the proper maintenance of the ship were kept down by the employment of men on duties from which they should have been free for other and vital work.

#### Weakness of Hatchways

Hatchways, their covers and fastenings were found by the Commission to have been defective through wear and tear, and C N readers will remember that it is only a week or two since we drew attention to the weakness of hatchways in our little ships. Whatever its original condition, the steering broke down during the storm. To crown the disquieting tale, the Board of Trade surveyor whose duty it was to inspect the ship before she left port spent only a few minutes on board in the discharge of his duties.

The Commission recommends that loadline surveys should have due regard to the general condition of the ship and that hatches and steering should be practically examined. All their discoveries and suggestions go to prove that, though in this case the law was complied with, in some of our cargo ships conditions have at times degenerated into a resemblance of those which were supposed to have vanished for ever with the passing of the *Plimsoll* line sixty years ago, when the labours of Samuel Plimsoll banished the last coffin ship of his generation from the seas.

#### Unnecessary Danger

It is to be feared that with too many of our small ships the lives of gallant men are jeopardised and sacrificed in the interests of economy. As, for the sake of cheapness, inflammable celluloid is used for making children's toys and for a multitude of domestic and commercial articles, so the fate of brave seamen is too often hazarded for gain.

The Atlantic storms which cost us ships and devoted crews will not have raged in vain if the national conscience is awakened to this exposure of brave men to unnecessary danger in a perilous calling. We must once more render our ships safe for the heroes who help to make the sea our chief highway of national prosperity.

## THE SAXON VICAR OF PINHOE

### His Pension Still Received

#### A KING'S WORD KEPT AFTER 934 YEARS

Here is an almost incredible romance of reality. In the year 1001 Ethelred the Unready granted a pension of one mark a year which is still being paid!

In that year the Danes, landing at Exmouth, made a great attack on Ethelred in the neighbourhood of Exeter. When the battle was at its height the Saxon supply of ammunition ran short, and the parson of Pinhoe rode to Exeter, rather more than two miles away, and procured a fresh supply of arrows.

For this gallant service Ethelred awarded him and his successors a pension of one mark.

Today the vicar of Pinhoe writes stating that on October 10 each year he receives in connection with the Battle of Pinhoe a cheque from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners amounting to 13s 2d, that being 16s, the value of the mark, less 2s 10d, the fee for auditing the account.

Here, then, survives a Saxon pension granted before Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London were built, more than 200 years before Magna Carta.

Since that battle England has had 46 rulers, but the word of a Saxon king is still honoured.

## BREAKFAST STORIES

### The Old Lady and the Builder's Labourer

We are always sorry for those who find this world so dull that they must read stories of things that do not happen. Here are two little tales in the papers the other morning, news of two towns quite close to each other.

At Woking a poorly dressed old woman rang the bell at the hospital and handed in a brown paper parcel without a name. In it were two bundles, and in each bundle were a hundred Pound Notes. It was the hospital's flag day.

The other story is of a Chertsey woman who got into an Underground train and was offered a seat by a builder's labourer. She refused it, saying, "Thank you, but you have been working hard all day," only to accept it when he said, "Not so hard, ma'am, that I have forgotten my manners."

### LET NOT YOUR LEFT HAND KNOW

Lawrence of Arabia wrote his name while he lived among those who were the glory of their time.

But, in the words of the Old Testament, he was also among those merciful men whose righteousness shall not be forgotten, and he would have preferred, like them, to remain anonymous. While he lived he gave £15,000 received from the profits of his great book to establish a fund for the benefit of the children of officers of the Royal Air Force.

It is only now that his generosity has been made known. Never was there one who more faithfully observed the precept of not letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth.

### OUR SPARE MUD

We all know that the Thames must be dredged continually to keep its channels clear and deep, but Mr J. D. Gilbert, Chairman of the River Committee, has surprised us with the facts he has given about the amount of mud removed.

In 20 years, he tells us, enough mud has been dredged from the Thames to build the 12 biggest pyramids in Egypt, an acre-square column as high as Mount Everest, or a wall 10 feet high all round the Equator.

## THE SEEKER OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE

### NEWS OF JASON

#### Thrilling Discovery on a Desolate Coast

#### TEMPLE OF THE ARGONAUTS

For over 2000 years men have sought the temple said by ancient writers to have been founded by Jason and his Argonauts near the coast of Southern Italy, and at last comes the stirring news that the long-lost sanctuary has been found.

Many centuries before the Christian Era there lived a man whom we call Jason, who achieved some great feat of discovery by sea in an age when mariners were afraid to lose sight of land, but drew their ships ashore each night. Jason sailed away, discovered unknown lands, and created new trading opportunities for Greece, trade which became the Golden Fleece of the legend, with all the attendant marvels and tragedy that now have their place in immortal literature.

#### Built About 500 B.C.

The temple he is said to have founded in Italy fell and was remembered only as a name in the works of great authors, whose descriptions of the site were vague. Nevertheless, two Italian scientists have pieced the evidence together, traced the mystery home, and given their story to *The Times*.

The temple has been found near the mouth of the river Sele, about six miles from Paestum, lying in wild, desolate country which was once a thriving centre of population and a place of pilgrimage. All lay buried, but the discoverers have brought to light the remains of a temple built about 500 B.C.; and, near it, the ruins of a wooden temple with material and statuary dating back 2700 years.

Thousands of fragments of carvings have been found, with a beautiful statue of Hera, the Greeks supreme goddess, who, gentle and loving, nurses a child. Two other statues of great antiquity, embodying ancient Greek legend, were found near at hand, and are regarded as among the most important artistic treasures of their era, for, apart from their own worth, they indicate the existence of a great school of sculptors 25 centuries ago.

#### Age of Undying Legends

Next in importance is a well containing the bones of sacrifices offered in the temple and the charred wood from the altars on which they were burned.

The river by which the temple was built was, and is, navigable, and it is supposed that pilgrims came in little ships from many Mediterranean lands. The fame of the sanctuary made it a great international meeting-place, and its antiquity led to the belief that the Greek settlement out of which it rose was founded by Jason and his peerless companions of the great age of the undying legends.

Old authors always wrote of Jason as its founder, and the pirates who sacked it in the time of Pompey and Caesar thought they were seizing the treasure of the Argonauts.

Now, with all the romance and wonder of its past, it is believed that the temple is found, the mystery of 2000 years triumphantly solved. Jason and his shining story seem more enchanting than ever.

Russia is opening the biggest paper-making plant in Europe, with an output of a thousand tons a week.

Fifty-eight new village halls were helped last year by the National Council of Social Service.

The Scottish Y H A is making so much headway that fifty hostels should be open by the end of the year.

## A GOOD COOK

### The Lovely Story of Tania of Finland

If anyone wants a good cook we know of one, but she is far away in Finland, and though her story has reached England, we doubt if she herself ever will.

For one thing she cannot speak our language; she cannot even write her own, and it is because she cannot read or write that her secret became known to her master, an Englishman who has for a long time boasted that he has the best cook in Finland, or anywhere else for that matter.

But even he did not know how good till one day Tania came and asked him to read for her a letter she could not read herself, adding that the friend who usually helped her in this way was away for some time, and she must know whether the matter was urgent.

#### For Her Old Mistress

The Englishman knew that Tania had been cook to a wealthy Russian woman, who had only just managed to escape with her life from Russia at the time of the revolution. When, therefore, he saw the Paris postmark on Tania's letter he guessed that it was from her old mistress, the letter of a woman whose world had turned topsy-turvy.

It was; but it was not the sort of letter he expected. It was full of gratitude, and ended with the words: "I cannot think how I should have lived through all these years without the money you have sent me each month."

"How much have you been sending her, Tania?" he asked.

"Well, I have money now, and she has not," replied Tania, "so I send her each month half of what you pay me."

## SHORT STORY

### The Boys, the Prophet, and the Bear

Mr John Masefield has been talking of a subject he knows so well, the making of stories.

One of the things he said was that the best story is the simplest, as we all know from the Bible, for there the immortal tales are told in the fewest and plainest words. Mr Masefield told us of a little girl who was asked what she had learned at Sunday School about the prophet Elisha, and her version was this:

*Little boys called him names. He told them that if they went on calling him names he would call a bear which would eat them. They did, and he did, and it did.*

All of which is admirable, as Mr Masefield meant us to understand.

## THINGS SAID

I am reading my Bible more.

Gilbert Frankau

Our architecture seems to be a lost art.

Lady Asquith

I have the strongest objection to the word Commencement.

Mr Justice Bennett  
A record total of 11,000 acres was added to the National Trust last year.

Its Annual Report

It has been estimated that 29,000,000 tons of iron and steel are dissipated as rust every year.

Commander Bedale, R.N.  
The only way of paying our debt to the past is by putting the future in debt to ourselves.

Lord Tweedsmuir

Farmers are certainly the backbone of the country churches.

Archbishop of Canterbury

Great Britain will never make foreigners of Irishmen in this country. We owe them too much.

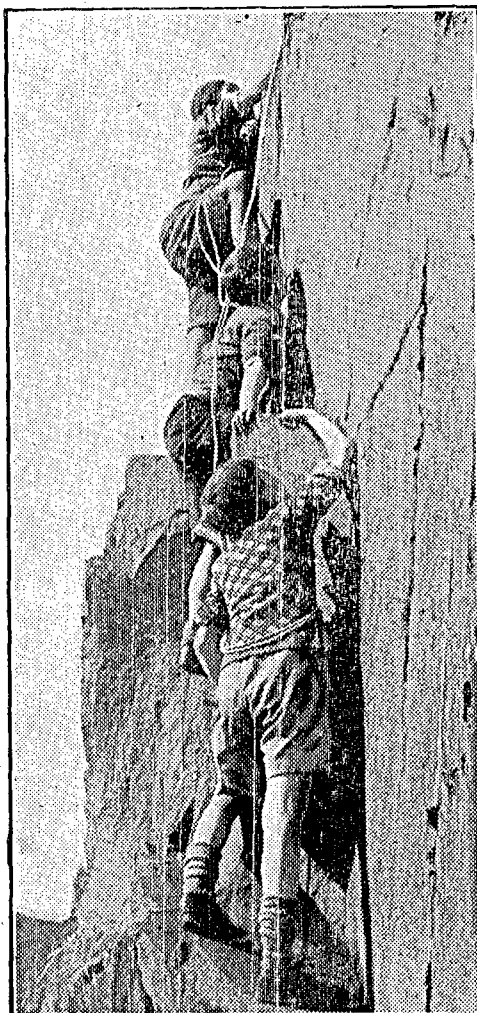
Attorney-General

It is not my duty to convert people to tectotalism, but for you it is the only path to safety.

The Recorder of Newcastle



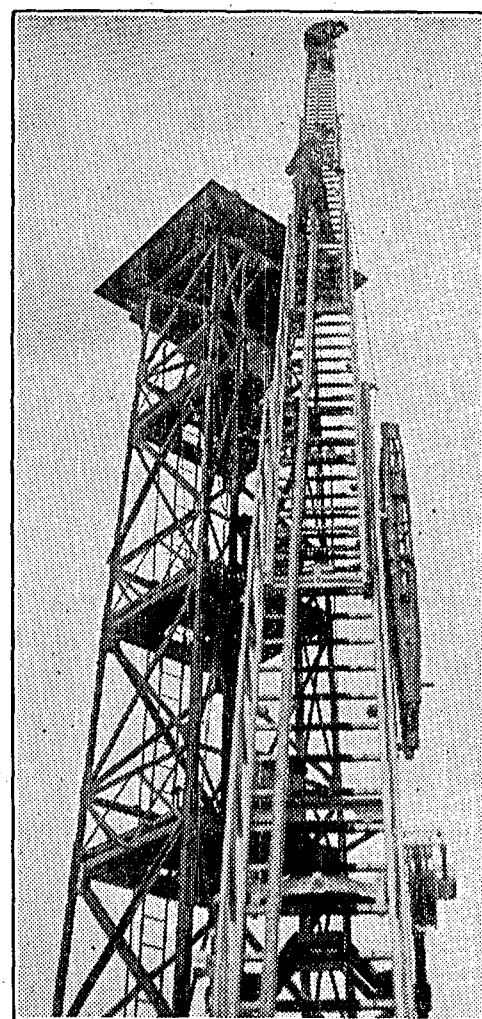
# YOUNG CRAGSMEN · THE JAVELIN THROWER · NEW FIRE-LADDER



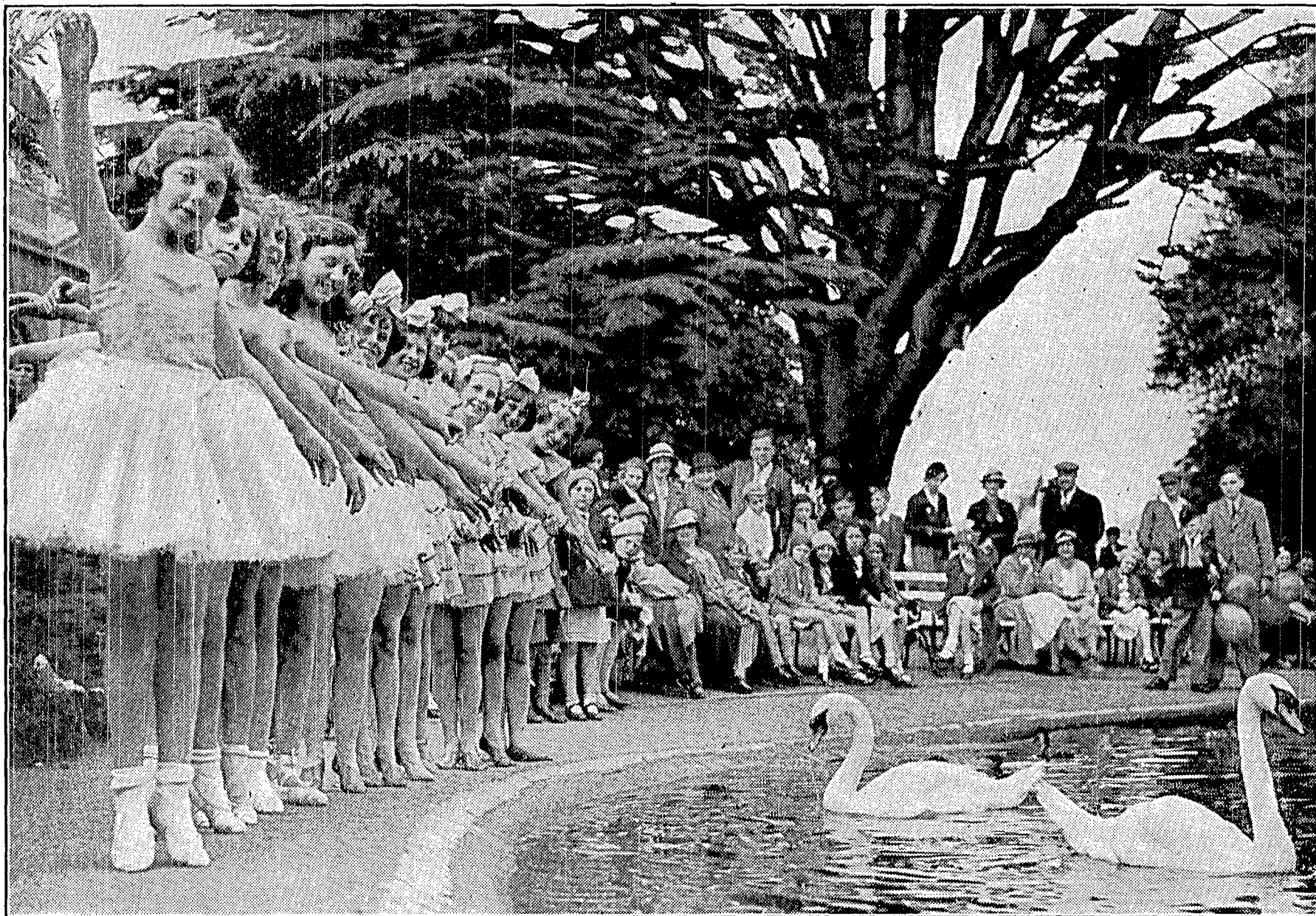
**Learning To Be Cragmen**—These boys of the Lake District are learning to scale crags near Grasmoor under the instruction of skilled climbers.



**The Javelin Thrower**—Miss C. Lee, of the North of England University, won the javelin-throwing contest at an Edinburgh meeting with a throw of 95 feet 10 inches.



**A Long Ladder**—The new appliances of the Hornsey Fire Brigade include a ladder 90 feet high, which is here seen reared against a steel tower.



**By the Lake**—With an audience that included some swans, the pupils of a dancing school gave a display at the Bristol zoo in aid of charity.



## 13 CENTURIES AGO In the Footsteps of a Saint

### A PILGRIMAGE TO AIDAN'S HOLY ISLE

On a July day when the tide was low on the coast of Northumbria a band of pilgrims led by devout and holy men crossed the sands to Holy Island.

Thirteen centuries ago the scene had been the same. A holy man had come all the way from far Iona to bring the Gospel to this lonely place, and from there to tell it to a barbarous people who knew it not. He was Aidan, whom the heathen came to know as a saint, and who, when he had made the Church a living and abiding thing in Northumbria, became first Bishop of Lindisfarne.

#### Giving Thanks to God

The pilgrimage that wound its way to the ruins of Lindisfarne the other day, and in the summer air gave thanks to God for the whole state of Christ's Church, was led by the Archbishop of York, with whom were the Bishops of Durham and Newcastle and the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, among which is Iona. Aidan's band was smaller. We may see him accompanied by no more than one or two fellow teachers from the storm-girt Celtic island where the faith was upheld with a courage and constancy that defied all assaults on its missionaries.

In England the mission of Augustine had made more chequered progress, especially in the kingdom of Northumbria and in the Midland parts, where the heathen were still strong. A Christian princess from Kent, the daughter of Ethelbert and Queen Bertha, had brought her husband King Edwin of Northumbria within the faith with the help of Paulinus, but the seed had fallen on rocky ground, and when Edwin was killed in battle it withered, though the first church of stone had been built at York.

Ten years afterwards a new king, who had taken refuge in the monastery of Iona, regained the throne and sought once more to revive what had been lost. He sent for a missionary from Iona and one came, but this man turned back saying that among so stubborn and barbarous a people such effort was fruitless.

#### A Brave Humble Man

Then spoke Aidan, and asked of the returning missionary whether it was their stubbornness or his severity that had been the cause of failure. Brother Aidan himself then went forth, carrying with him in hope and courage the message that has no sterner word than that of peace and goodwill to men. We can see him, that brave and humble man, as, crossing the sands, he first set foot on Holy Island. Did he, we wonder, foresee the world that is now before our eyes when the seed he planted should have grown to a great tree, with roots in every land and branches shading all the world?

We like to think that his strong faith may have given him some glimpse of it, and that his gentle spirit was rejoiced by the vision of a scene like that of the other day, when hundreds of pilgrims from every part of England knelt where he had knelt.

## THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE A Book For Leaving School

Nottingham has a fund subscribed to by various citizens known as the Bible Gift Fund.

It is linked with Scotland Place Junior School, and the Fund has been used this year to present copies of Arthur Mee's Children's Bible to pupils leaving school. 'It is the wish of the school that the fund will increase so that every child on leaving will take away one of these Bibles.

## STORY OF A WEST AFRICAN SCHOOL

### How They Built It THE WILL WILL ALWAYS FIND A WAY

There is in England this summer a happy African boy named Joseph Ntow.

Joseph is a prefect of St Nicholas Grammar School at Cape Coast, West Africa. He is probably the only West African who has ever been to England during his schooldays. His school is just like an English Public School except that all the boys and all the teachers are black. The only white man is the headmaster, who is an English missionary.

But is there any school in England which has done what the boys of St Nicholas Grammar School are doing? Joseph has been sent by his school-fellows to tell English boys and girls about it, and to ask for their help. He does all his lessons in English at school, so, of course, he speaks our language.

"Our school at Cape Coast was tumbling down," he says. "We needed a new building. An African Chief gave us land, and the Gold Coast Government promised us money.

"But just as we were going to put the work in hand the money crisis came, and the Government said it could not help us after all. So the idea of a new school building was given up.

#### Learning to Build

"Then suddenly it occurred to the Sixth Form boys that, if they could not pay to have a new school built, they had better build it themselves, as the monks in Devon built their own Buckfast Abbey. They had been reading about that. None of us knew how to set about putting up concrete buildings, and in our climate, that is the only way to build. But with the help of a young African expert who offered to teach us, we soon learned, and started to build. There are two hundred of us in the school, and every boy, down to the smallest one, does his bit. Last year we put in 30,000 hours work between us, and we don't work in school hours, either!

"Now two buildings are up and we are very proud, but there is no more material to build with. That is why the headmaster has brought me to England. We think that if we tell everybody how we are helping ourselves, they will want to help us to buy building materials. The headmaster thinks that by the time we have finished (and we have been working for two years already) the materials will cost about £20,000."

#### A 3-IN-THE-MORNING MAN

Another of the pioneers of radiology has passed away in James Robertson Riddell of Glasgow.

Many Scottish hospitals owe their X-ray department to his powers of organisation and enthusiasm. In the early days he had to be his own mechanic, yet he willingly gave long hours to treating poor folk, remarking that as they paid no fees he must not keep them waiting.

Like other pioneers, he fell a victim to the rays and endured frequent operations, facing death unafraid for many years. As X-ray specialist he served in Salonica and was beloved by every soldier who met him there, having what has been described as a three-in-the-morning helpfulness.

Twenty million flowering plants and shrubs are being planted in the boulevards and squares of Moscow.

The death roll on British railways last year was one in about a hundred million passengers.

## THE OLD TULIP TREE Its 250th Birthday

### FOREIGN TREES THAT GIVE BEAUTY TO OUR LANDSCAPE

What is stated to have been the 250th birthday of the famous tulip tree in the grounds of the Shaftesbury School for Girls at Esher Place has just been celebrated by the cutting, by the Dowager Countess of Jersey, of a 100-pound birthday cake.

A plate on the tree gives the year of planting as 1685, the year in which the Battle of Sedgemoor was fought, three years before the Revolution which saw the expulsion of James the Second. If that date is correct the tree was growing three years before that planted in 1688 at Fulham Palace by Bishop Compton, and nearly a century before that owned by the Earl of Peterborough at Parson's Green, said to have been the first to flower in England, put forth its first crop of bloom.

#### Artistic England

The tulip tree is a North American growth, and was introduced into England by the younger Tradescant, who travelled in America when America was an English colony, and brought back seeds and saplings which became noble trees in our parks and gardens. The tulip tree at Esher Place could not have been Tradescant's, however, for he died 23 years before its planting.

He had many successors in introducing trees from other countries, and our land is glorified by noble growths which, as well established as natives, are the fruit of the splendid voyages to the East and the West which began in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

England is the wonder-garden of trees. That world-traveller Lord Conway has pointed out that we have more artistic landscapes with foreign trees than any other country.

#### Trees from the Old and New Worlds

Dean Buckland said he could draw a map of Roman Britain by marking the places in which he found edible snails, the posterity of those introduced from Rome; but to trace the hand of those who brought us our trees from the Old World and the New we should have to include the whole country, including the coastal islands with their balmy climate.

If, like Tennyson's Talking Oak, some of these ancient trees rooted in our soil should be overheard chatting together we should need an interpreter to understand them, for some would talk Turkish, some Syriac some Hindustani, and some Red Indian.

## THE WATCHER BY THE STAIR

### Invisible Ray and the Escalator

Invisible rays are being used to control the speed of the moving stairways of the Underground Railway.

Escalators which are in constant use suffer great wear and tear. It is expensive to repair them and very inconvenient because of the restricted space. It is a saving of this wear and tear if the speed of the escalators can be kept low during the slack periods on the less busy stations.

The invisible ray has made this possible. At the entrance to the stairway a lamp is installed so as to shine across the stair on to a photo-cell fixed below the handrail on the other side. When a passenger steps into the path of this beam the stairway gradually speeds up and runs at high speed, and if more passengers follow the first a time device continues to run the escalator at full speed until the last passenger is off.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

Antares . . . . .	An-tay-reez
Antipodes . . . . .	An-tip-o-deez
Bihar . . . . .	Be-har
Venezuela . . . . .	Ven-e-zwee-lah

## KEEPER OF THE DAFFODILS

### He Gave England Dora's Field

#### LAST GRANDCHILD OF WORDSWORTH PASSES AWAY

William Wordsworth the poet seems to come very near to us when we learn that only the other day his last grandchild, Gordon Graham Wordsworth, passed on to join him and to share some corner of the mantle of his fame.

Through all his useful and unassuming life he remained first and foremost the poet's grandson, the guardian of what he left behind, the keeper of what was dear to him. The house of the Stepping Stones, Rydal, where Wordsworth's spirit lives, was his home nearly all his life. He bought and gave to England Dora's Field, which Wordsworth owned. There in springtime nod the poet's daffodils:

*A host of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.*

*Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay;  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.*

#### Safeguarding the Lake District

That was only part of what he did in safeguarding the Lake District, where his efforts were ceaseless and where, together with Arthur Benson, he acquired and gave into national trust the summit of Scafell.

But the work he cared for most, and did better than any other, was to preserve the manuscripts of Wordsworth's poems, his books, the journals and diaries of Dorothy Wordsworth, family letters and documents, and to present all these to the museum at Dove Cottage. While these things remained at the Stepping Stones he gladly showed them to many pilgrims; now that they are at Dove Cottage the house and its treasures become one of the most remarkable memorials to any English poet, and one that all English-speaking peoples may seek and find.

## A WORD FOR MR HORE- BELISHA'S DEPARTMENT

An old danger continues on our dangerous roads in spite of all our Minister of Transport can do. It is the danger of bad packing.

We in Fleet Street are used to the sight of huge lorries laden with rolls of paper ready to be made into newspapers. They look perilous, balanced row upon row, but a close look reveals the ropes binding them scientifically to each other and to the wagon. It would be well if all lorry-drivers took care that their loads were as secure, but few of them do.

Only the other day a van loaded beyond its capacity with empty milk churns clattered along the Thames Embankment. A policeman's outstretched arm caused it to pull up suddenly and the jolt dislodged the end churn, which bounded heavily into the road, narrowly missing the car following, while its lid rolled in circles round the feet of a poor bewildered horse.

Another example of this cruel carelessness occurred when a shovel, heedlessly tossed on to the top of a load of gravel, fell sharply into the roadway.

Every motorist knows that the packing of vehicles is often most carelessly done. We have seen our arterial roads strewn for miles with the litter from wastepaper lorries, or made messy with cement. Ropes dangle on the road, iron bars project, loads wobble and alarm the passer-by, and—who cares?







## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 27

1935

## A Piece of Nonsense

WE have never understood how a great country like America could be deceived by the idea of Too-Much Wealth which is so widely preached today.

By wealth, of course, we mean the natural gifts of the Earth, and by too-much we mean the theory that too much food and other material is being produced.

We are glad to see that at last scientists have begun to revolt against this false doctrine. Paul de Kruif, in an article which he calls *Should Children Eat?* points out that in the very month when the women of America persuaded the Department of Agriculture to find out how much milk poor people drink the same Department arranged to pay farmers to produce less milk. Yet the result of the inquiry showed that the milk consumption of the country ought to be doubled.

We agree with Mr de Kruif that a thousand million dollars in a thousand million bankbooks isn't worth the wail of one baby dying of pneumonia brought on by hidden hunger.

He imagines the day when the workless fathers of these hungry children send a delegation to ask why a Government that can borrow money to pay farmers to dig in their crops cannot spend its money and energy in getting these crops to the people who need them? Why must they look forward to years of less and less when the land could easily give them more and more?

He imagines the Government's answer, and this is what they say:

*Good citizens, do you realise what we'd have to do to feed real strength and buoyant life into your children? It would be a terrible bother.*

*They'd have to drink twice as much milk,*

*Eat twice as many tomatoes and oranges and lemons and grape-fruit, eat three times as much green vegetables,*

*Multiply other vegetables and fruits by eight,*

*Their meat and fish and poultry by five, and their eggs by three.*

*We should need a lot more cows and grazing land and vegetable gardens and orange groves, to say nothing of pasture for cattle. And think of the way our hatcheries and chicken farms would have to be increased, and the enormously greater number of farmers we'd need for this new agriculture!*

The answer to this, of course, is **Why not?** But Mr de Kruif pictures his simple inquirers being overwhelmed by the immensity of the undertaking and withdrawing in silence.

We can quite plainly see them doing nothing of the sort. The day when Man discovers that this is a good world full of good things for him to make use of will be the day when this madness of the world will begin to pass away.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Sharing Profits

THE term Profit-sharing is applied to schemes of work in which the employers add to wages some agreed share of the profits.

The idea makes little or no progress. In 1925 there were 480 schemes at work, covering 219,000 workers; in 1934 there were 436 schemes, covering the same number.

The average distribution of profit in 1925 was £9 a head, and in 1934 was £10 9s. This meant an addition of about 1s in the £ to earnings. Possibly the smallness of the result renders the system unpopular.

## The World is a Shadow

By the Poet Laureate

THIS is from an address by Mr John Masefield, our famous Poet Laureate, speaking in London.

The world is only a shadow of a reality so beautiful that words cannot tell its beauty, so wise that words cannot disguise its wisdom, so glorious that man can hardly bear to think of it.

At certain moments of illumination the reality of the world becomes apparent and its glory so magical that you have to cry aloud what you can of its wonder.

At great times of the world men have driven over its confines and have walked with divine companions who have come through into life.

## Tip

WE were wondering the other day where the word tip comes from, and one of our readers writes of something new to us.

In olden days, our reader says, there was often seen at the doors of eating-houses a box with this inscription, *To insure politeness*. Coins were dropped in the box for the benefit of the staff, and our correspondent believes that the initials of these words have grown into the word tip.

We pass the note on to those who like to think it out.

## Foch Surprised

THAT is a good story Lord Hailsham tells in his preface to Mr Hampden Gordon's new book on the War Office.

When Marshal Foch took part in the great victory procession he told Sir Henry Wilson he was surprised to find that superb procession of famous men and heroes led by a policeman.

"But, my dear Marshal," Wilson said, "there you have the British Constitution in a nutshell—the subordination of the military power to the British civil authority."

## Queer Man

MAN will spend millions gladly against the supposed enemies of his own kind, often of his own race, but he will give strangely little to help those who fight diseases, his greatest enemies.

Mr Masefield

## The Handicap

To young people who are out to win in the greatest of all games, the game of Life, I would recommend the formation of a bundle of good habits. Among these should certainly be included abstinence from intoxicants.

These are days of keen competition, and even the best can be better if they are not under the Drink Handicap.

Sir Josiah Stamp

## No More War

See on the night  
A new dawn is playing;  
And far above all nations  
The people's flag is flying, *while*;  
And we have heard a call  
That was never raised before,  
And we are making camp  
FOR NO MORE WAR.

Song of the Youth Section of the  
New York New History Society

## Tip-Cat

A POST OFFICE sign near Camberwell Green: POST OFFICE. Short of letters, no doubt.

IN Florida there is a wonderful garden under water. A deep-laid plot.

AN American likes the clean outline of the English coast. It is always being swept by the sea.

Peter Puck  
Wants to  
Know



If aeroplane chefs are plane cooks

A LADY declares she sees many uses for margarine. Hope she will spread her views.

THE bottom has fallen out of the second-hand car trade, says a writer. And not only of the trade.

STUPID girls are sometimes quite attractive. But not pretty often.

PEOPLE with big noses refuse to be ignored. What about when they have a snub?

WOMEN like to think they are buying something for a song. And give themselves airs.

## THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

IN the Mersey Tunnel's first year about 3,000,000 vehicles and 3,640,000 passengers paid toll.

UNEMPLOYED men may now apply for work by halfpenny post.

## JUST AN IDEA

However unfortunate a situation may be there is always some way of deriving advantage from it.

## Something To Live For

By Our Country Girl

ARE you doing a puzzle? asked Master Five-Year-Old of a stranger sitting in a shelter on the sea front.

His mother saw that the stranger held some cards covered with pricked characters. Surely this must be Braille. But fortunately the stranger was not blind. He was an elderly man with a pleasant, ruddy face, and he explained to the boy how blind people read with their finger-tips.

"But you arch't blind, are you?"

"No, sonny. I am reading it to make sure that the printer has made no mistakes."

Day after day they saw him, always with his Braille proofs before him, sitting in the sunshine while the rest of the world played on the sands at his feet. Probably he got his bathe before breakfast; he was too busy during the rest of the day.

Mother had heard about the faithful volunteers who correct proofs for the blind, but she had never met one, and she wondered what his story was.

Perhaps he had spent his life in the East or at sea and now found himself in an England from which his childhood's friends had passed away. He could have become a lonely curmudgeon with a grievance if he had only thought about himself; but he had found a job to do for others, and was perfectly content.

"I have no one to live for now," we have heard old people say, but there is always someone and something to live for.

## Window-Boxes, Please

A Special Committee of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries is trying to make permanent the Jubilee window-box displays.

GIVE me flowers, says London Town;

Give me flowers, she cries:  
Fill the window-box anew,  
Feed the hungry eyes!

WANT and weariness and fear  
Tread my stony ways;  
Bread they need, but more than bread:  
Feed the hungry gaze.

LOVELY sights make lovely minds.  
Beasts may live in holes;  
Men must live with flowers and stars:  
Feed the hungry souls. J. F.

## The Prayer of Saint Isidore

O God, great and wonderful, Who hast created the heavens, dwelling in the light and beauty thereof; Who hast made the Earth, revealing Thyself in every flower that opens, let not my eyes be blind to Thee, neither let my heart be dead, but teach me to praise Thee even as the lark which offereth her song at daybreak.

## A Word From Shakespeare

TO ANY FOP

The soul of this man is his clothes.  
All's Well That Ends Well



## ALFRED DREYFUS LEAVES THIS WORLD END OF A GREAT STORY The Bitter Wrong Done By a Nation A TRAGEDY OF PREJUDICE AGAINST A JEW

The news of the death of Alfred Dreyfus brings back to mind a story which convulsed the whole of France in the last generation and may be said to have held the world breathless.

The story is worth retelling, for it shows how a great nation, under a wave of excited prejudice, may lose its head and commit bitter wrong, but how, in the end, truth wins its way.

### A Punishment Worse Than Death

Alfred Dreyfus was an Alsatian Jew who joined the French Army, became a captain at 30, and gained distinction and an appointment on the General Staff. At 35 he was suddenly arrested, tried for selling secrets to Germany, found guilty, and publicly degraded, his epaulettes being torn from his shoulders in the presence of troops on parade before he was transported to the terrible Ile du Diable, off the coast of French Guiana, a punishment worse than death. His ruin seemed complete.

At that time feeling was running strong in France against men of Jewish blood, stirred up by newspapers which existed for the purpose, and the public were delighted to have a Jew to punish.

But the truth was that Dreyfus was entirely innocent. His friends knew it, and for four years they worked incessantly to secure a fresh trial and release him from degrading punishment in a tropical convict settlement. But the French War Office resisted all appeals. Many men were in favour of overturning the Republic, and used the prejudice against the Jews to win popularity and prepare for a revolution.

### Soldier Who Sought the Truth

Among them, however, was one honest, clear-sighted soldier, intent on finding out the truth, Colonel Picquart, and he examined the papers on which the sentence against Dreyfus was based, and felt certain that rascality had been at work, and that the prisoner of Devil's Island was innocent.

When Picquart made this opinion known he was at once given a dangerous command in North Africa against the Arabs, where he was likely to be killed (but was not).

The French, like all Latin nations, are easily excited, but they love justice, so they began to inquire further into the case. A brother of Dreyfus accused Major Esterhazy, a member of the Staff, of forging the tell-tale papers. Zola, the novelist, joined the side of Dreyfus with such fierce passion that he had to flee from the country to escape conviction for libel; and M. Clemenceau, the great Premier of France in later days, made a fine stand for justice against prejudice.

As the truth became clearer, Colonel Henry, one of the chiefs of the War Office Staff, confessed that he had forged the documents which led to the conviction of Dreyfus.

### The Third and Final Trial

The only course now open was to bring the prisoner back to France, but prejudice was not yet defeated. If once it possesses the mind of a nation it is not easily uprooted, and so blindly determined were the enemies of Dreyfus that they made the second trial a painful farce, and it was not till Dreyfus had again been found guilty that he was finally "pardoned" by the French President for what he had not done.

Of course, the case could not end like that. Prejudice is swift and fierce:

## YOUTH WILL SPEAK TO 200 MILLIONS

THE youth of Europe and America are to sing to the world by wireless.

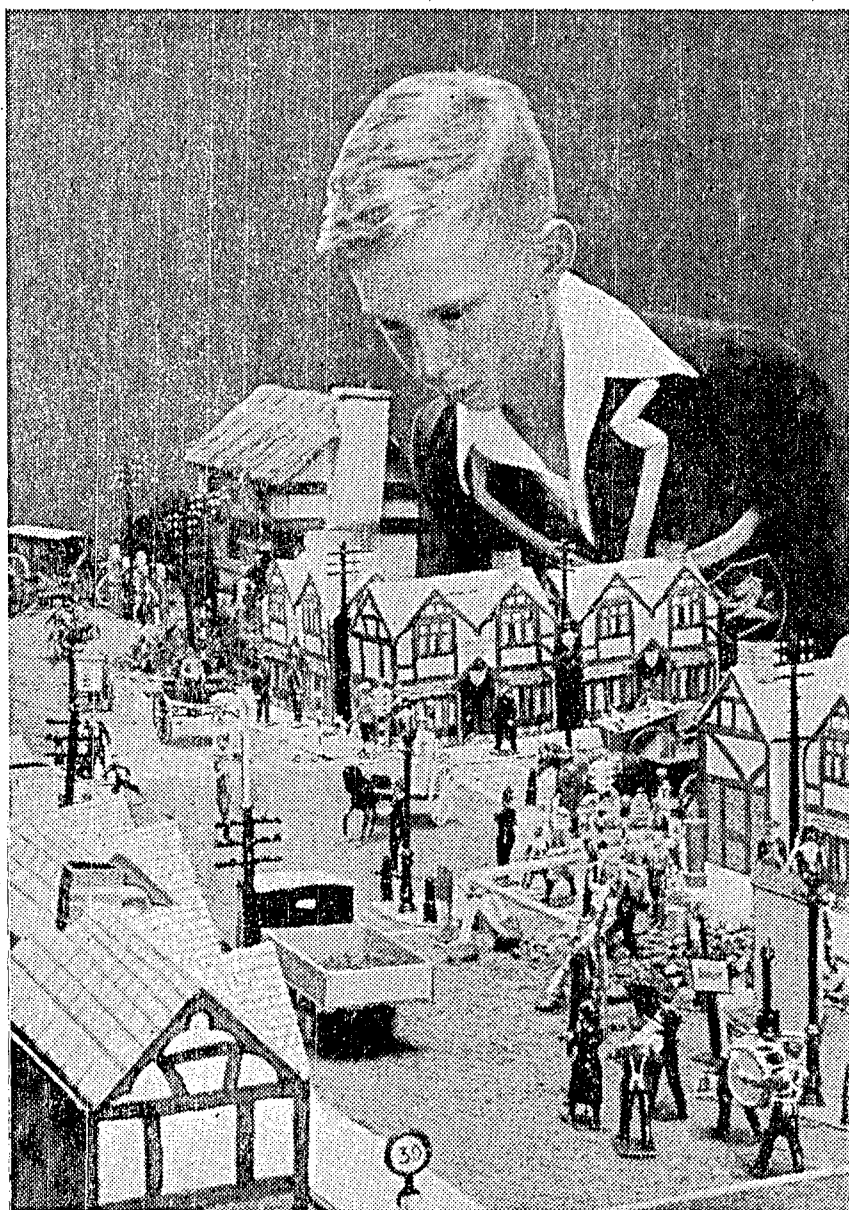
This is to be one of the biggest broadcasting events ever planned. We learn of it from the International Broadcasting Union, which has just held its yearly conference at Warsaw, closing the first ten years of its work, and opening upon who can tell what marvellous future?

One of the marvels will be ready for the autumn. On Sunday evening, October 27, we are to have two hours of music, songs coming in swift succession from country after country, songs of youth sung by youth in their own cities and in their own language and carried to 200,000,000 listeners all over the world. It will be just a short song, three or four minutes only, and then on to the next. Most of the countries of Europe are taking part, and the United States. It is hoped that India, Dutch East Indies, Japan, and perhaps some

of the States of South America may also join. It will be a veritable panorama of music, every item being received by Berlin and radiated from there, for it was in Berlin that the grand idea was born. Just as we listen to the Empire broadcast at Christmas and know it to be a marvel of precision, all the necessary machinery working like clockwork, every code word caught at the exact moment, every switch turned on the instant, so shall we listen to song after song, in unknown tongues and strange intonations.

Months of work go to the making of the programme. Every song has to be approved, and already Mr Arthur Burrows at the headquarters at Geneva is receiving copies of the words with photographs of the choirs—some of them of boys in white surplices, others of girls in national costume; no grown-ups are allowed to take part. Just youth, and very fine it will certainly be.

## GULLIVER AND LILLIPUT UP TO DATE



The giant looking down on this street scene is a boy of Lancing House Preparatory School at Lowestoft. The model, which has pedestrian crossings, traffic signals, road repairs, and so on, is used for giving the boys object-lessons in Safety First.

Continued from the previous column

justice is often slow, but it is sure; and the French are logical and sound in the end. Again they brought the case forward for a third trial. The last judgment was set aside, and Dreyfus was declared innocent.

His honour was entirely cleared. He was restored to the army as a major. His honest defender, Colonel Picquart, was made a General, and when Clemenceau became Premier he made Picquart Minister of War. Dreyfus was awarded the Legion of Honour, and in the Great War he had the good fortune to see his son promoted on the battlefield, and he himself served in the Artillery. After the war he was decorated with the

rosette of the Legion of Honour as a further proof of the trust of France.

The whole story is a clear warning against the bitter wrong that may be done by wild prejudice; and it points out the lasting honour that crowns those who love truth, search for it diligently, and serve it loyally. As we all help to govern our country it is a lesson to us all.

### A £10,000 INDEX

The London Library, the best library in the country for the working writer, has had 400 new young members in the last year.

The library is contemplating a new index, which will cost about £10,000.

## CAPTAIN CORAM'S COUNTRY HOME Foundlings in Green Pastures

### THE FORTUNE MADE FROM HIS ESTATE

One day last month 350 boys and girls were to be seen marching from Berkhamsted station to Ashlyns Park among the wooded Chiltern hills. Captain Coram's Foundling Hospital had started life anew, and in its new country scene his body now lies, with his statue looking out on green lawns.

That benevolent, forthright seaman Thomas Coram, walking from Rotherhithe to the City 200 years ago, was horrified to see unwanted babies left by the road to die. Persevering through countless annoyances and setbacks he founded a home for them in Lamb's Conduit Street, London. He was denied a place on the board of governors, though laggard honour came with a fine funeral for him in his hospital.

If his spirit watched the scene at Ashlyns Park, how it must have rejoiced at such a wedding of the best of the old and the best of the new! The site on which his hospital first rose (for which he paid £6500) was sold ten years ago for £1,650,000, and with the help of this money a new and dignified home has been built in parkland 500 feet above sea-level. It has cost £250,000.

### Handel's Organ

The chapel, set between two blocks of dormitories, is approached from the road by a broad avenue bordered with lamp-posts from the old site. A few days before the children arrived the body of Captain Coram was brought from London and re-buried under the altar in this chapel. The pulpit, the stained glass, and an oak staircase are those the first foundlings knew, and behind the chapel stands the statue of Captain Coram, also brought from London, and now looking across the lawn here to the cloisters of the main building. Here his little ones have a swimming bath and gymnasium and fine playgrounds: everything, it seems, that money can buy.

At the thanksgiving service in the chapel the organist used the organ given to the hospital by Handel in 1750. He Shall Feed His Flock—as the notes rang out some of the children must have thought that Captain Coram, good shepherd for his Master, had brought them to green pastures.

## MAN CAN GROW ALL HE WANTS

### More and More and Better and Better

There seems now no doubt about it: man can produce as much as he needs to satisfy his material wants. It only remains for him to get the fruits of the Earth to the people who need them.

In 20 years Italy has raised her average wheat yield from 15 to 24 bushels an acre, and now a new experimental tract near Rome has produced 131 bushels an acre of a good wind-rain-and-rust-resisting wheat that ripens weeks earlier than other sorts.

The Mount Hope Experimental Farm in Massachusetts has produced a new strain of cows yielding 21,000 pounds of milk a year against the New England average of 4500 pounds.

In the United States a type of poplar has been developed which grows more than ten times as fast as the ordinary kind. This is of tremendous importance as a source of wood pulp for paper-making. These new poplars (named after Dr R. H. McKee of Columbia University, who perfected them) can be grown on waste land and should help America to combat the menace of soil erosion caused by reckless deforestation.



## NEW AGE OF COLOUR COMING LIKE VISUAL MUSIC

Farewell To the Drabness of the 19th Century

### CLOTHES AND FLOWERS AND FILMS

Our century has been remarkable for many changes, and a minor but yet important one has been the revival of good colour.

John Ruskin said that wherever men are noble they love bright colours. However that may be, there has been a revolt against the drabness and half-tones of last century. Women and children go about gaily clad, and even men golf and cycle in brilliant shirts. And what of young my lord's socks?

#### The Window-Box

If we could get rid of industrial and domestic smoke we might well enter on a New Age of Colour which would see the works of men rivalling Nature in her lavish hues. It is doubtless the smoke of the Industrial Revolution which caused the Victorians to build drab houses and garb themselves in drab clothes. It is so difficult to remain clean in a town run on crude coal that bright things were abandoned by common consent.

The Jubilee decorations were by no means uniformly successful as artistic productions, but most of them had the saving grace of bright colour. The wide use of window-boxes in London was universally liked, and the movement for continuing them is making progress.

Essentially, the liking for gay flowers in the window is a reflection of our love for life and colour. Why, then, should the architect give us plain box buildings formed of concrete, unredeemed by the appropriate ornaments and colours with which Nature charms us in plant and animal life?

#### Vivid Colours and Gilding

Professor Thomas Bodkin, of the Barber Institute of Fine Arts at Birmingham, reproaches architects for not using the known means of giving lovely hues even to concrete and cement. "They neglect the best traditions of their art," he says. "The frieze of the Parthenon shone with vivid colours and gilding. The medieval cathedral was a blaze of colour inside and out. The whole west front was washed with ochre. The niches were painted red, green, and blue. The statues were separately coloured. Their crowns and jewels were touched with gold. The tide of colour and gold rose even over the roofs."

So the designers of our buildings are implored to "rediscover colour." Let it be applied as freely to buildings as to clothing. Why also should we not have coloured tar? Why must it always be a melancholy black? Given a smoke-free London, which we can have whenever we choose, a modern London building might glow in rose and cream like the Ducal Palace in Venice.

#### The Colour Film

A great impetus to colour reform will undoubtedly be given by the colour films which are now possible. Mr Disney's coloured Silly Symphonies, pleasing as they are, amount to but a slight foretaste of the beauties we are promised. A new world of colour opens in the picture theatre, the possibilities of which are inexhaustible.

Hundreds of millions of eyes blurred and darkened by town life will be educated in colour. Colour in the films will make life happier by reminding us of a lost birthright. Our towns will seem the duller when we have seen and realise what they might be, and so we may hope that men everywhere will regain the love of colour lost in the modern desertion of Nature.

## OLD FATHER THAMES The World Broken in Pieces OURSELVES

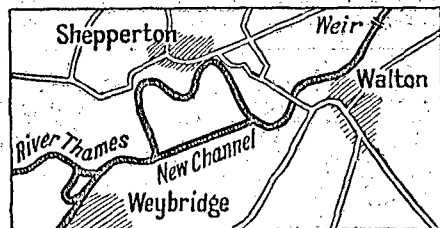
Another Mile For Him To Flow

### BYPASSING LONDON'S GREAT RIVER

Old Father Thames is very much schooled nowadays. He can hardly call his river his own.

After having the water taken out of it by the thousand million gallon to slake the thirst of London, and yet not giving satisfaction (as last year's droughty summer showed), the Conservancy Board have made a new bypass for it as if it were an unruly motorist.

In one way it is, because the Thames, so slack in drought, is extremely wasteful in rainy months and spills the water



in floods over Shepperton, Halliford, Sunbury, Hampton, and Teddington. Sometimes five miles of roads have been under water. So a new channel a mile long and 100 feet wide has been cut between Weybridge and Walton, where the river winds for three miles.

This short cut is named the Desborough Channel, after Lord Desborough, whose warnings to use less water have rung so frequently in the Londoner's ear.

Normally water will flow through both the old and the new channels, the level being controlled in both by the weir at Sunbury; and, of course, owing to there being two channels instead of one, the rate of flow during normal times will be slower. But in times of flood the two channels will save the flooding of a large area.

In fact the Desborough Channel enables an extra 2500 million gallons a day to be carried away to the sea.

### NO MORE LIKE SNAILS School Attendance Officer Not Wanted

Hornsey has lost its school attendance officer and the education committee propose not to replace him. Here is their reason:

Owing to the attractiveness of the school and the modern educational methods employed therein, and to the greater interest now taken by parents in the education of their children, the amount of visiting required in connection with school attendance has decreased.

This tribute to the rising generation and their parents should confound the pessimists. Shakespeare's "crawling like snail unwillingly to school" is clearly obsolete at last.

#### BOLDNESS PAYS

In cheapening the parcels post the Postmaster-General has learned the value of the old fisherman's lure of setting a sprat to catch a mackerel.

He put down the price for parcels and the senders of them have responded by putting up the number-by 12 per cent. Under the old rates 143,000 parcels were posted a day in the London area; the number now reaches 163,000 and is still rising.

The number delivered has risen proportionately, and the Post Office is assured that when the figures from the whole country come in a still larger increase will be shown, for the new rates have proved popular among farmers and fruit growers, who can now send through the post as much as 15 pounds for a shilling, threepence less than the old rate for 11 pounds.

We have seen how profoundly four great nations (Russia, Italy, Germany, and the United States of America) have been affected by the war. What of ourselves?

Russia has changed from one despotism to another. Italy has become a Guild State in which private property in capital is respected, but controlled by the guilds in the public interest. Germany has become a National Socialist State in which the Leader is a virtual king, the ministers being responsible solely to him. USA remains a free individualistic State in which great masses of capital still exercise tremendous powers.

To compare these nations and the results of their policies is very difficult, for they are so very different. Russia covers over 8,000,000 square miles, USA 3,000,000, Germany only 182,000, Italy a mere 118,000, largely infertile. Thus, of the four, two have enormous resources and two very poor ones. In one thing, however, they are alike: all were broken by the war, and all have made great political changes. Three have given up personal liberty.

#### Empire and Homeland

Coming to our own case, the British Empire added to its already enormous area and resources by the war, and its area now covers nearly 14,000,000 square miles, a quarter of the entire world's land, or more than three times the area of all Europe.

The Mother Country, head of this mighty collection of States, has retained her political liberty unimpaired, has conferred home rule on Ireland, and has decided to confer a considerable degree of self-government on India.

In economic matters the war had a profound effect on certain old staple trades. The world's disorganisation crippled trade and hurt shipping, shipbuilding, and marine engineering. Therefore Britain, as world carrier and shipbuilder, was severely hit.

#### Growth of Unemployment

Coal was hit by world depression and the advance of oil. Cotton also suffered, by both war-made depression and the marvellous advance of Japan. Unemployment grew, until 3,000,000 were out of work, and still there are over 2,000,000 out.

Many steps have been taken to meet the various troubles that arose. The Government changed the currency by abandoning the gold standard in 1931, our money becoming paper notes. This helped our export trade. The old policy of Free Trade was abandoned because, in a depressed world market, there was too much dumping of goods in our market as the only one affording free entry; this helped the home market to recovery. At Ottawa, in return for the continuance of free trade here for colonial goods, the Dominions lowered their tariffs against us. In a number of trades the Government has granted subsidies to help the home producer, and marketing organisation has been applied to agriculture.

#### Our Economic Revolution

While it is difficult to apportion the effect of all these measures there is no doubt that the home market has greatly enlarged since the war, and that, despite unemployment, the masses of our people are better fed, better clothed, better housed, and enjoy more of the luxuries of life than before the war.

Export trade is recovering, the Oversea Empire being a great factor in the case. Roundly, while the Empire is a quarter of the world, it takes nearly half our exports.

Our peculiar economic position must be taken into consideration when any

## WILLIAM BROWNE One of the First Yeomen of the Guard

### OLDEST TROOPS IN OUR HISTORY

Two little princesses were in the crowd watching the King's uncle inspect the Yeomen of the Guard the other day. We wonder if they knew how closely their own names are interwoven with the founding of the Guard.

The Yeomen celebrate their 450th anniversary this year. Their founder was Henry the Seventh, whose noble-minded mother was called Margaret, whose badge was a rose, and whose bride was Elizabeth of York. So we get Margaret Rose and Elizabeth.

It is believed that he founded the Guard on the battlefield of Bosworth, where, after years of exile, he won a crown for himself and peace for England.

In the Record Office is a warrant, dated three weeks after Bosworth, to William Browne, Yeoman of the King's Guard, "in consideration of the good service that our humble and faithful subject William Browne Yeoman of our Garde hath heretofore doon unto us as well beyonde the see as at our victorieux journeye."

#### The King's Personal Bodyguard

From this it seems likely that before his battle against a far greater force Henry chose for his personal bodyguard certain trusty men like William Browne, who had shared his exile.

There has been no break in their record since then, and they are the oldest military body in England.

Today the Yeomen still wear the Tudor dress, and are still chosen from old soldiers who have distinguished themselves by honourable conduct in the field, like William Browne. But their duties are only ceremonial, and we have all become so used to thinking of them as figures in pageantry that we are apt to forget how they began in desperation and peril 450 years ago.

#### HUNTING STARFISH

War is to be declared on starfish by the United States Bureau of Fisheries.

It has been found that every starfish on the average eats two oysters a week. From one oyster bed last year ten million starfish were removed. So great are the ravages of the starfish that a special investigation is being started into their methods of life, breeding, and travel from place to place.

How do the starfish know where the oysters are, and how do they get there? These are points that are to be scientifically studied during the next year.

Continued from the previous column

question of comparison with other nations arises. The British exporter enjoys markets in every quarter of the globe where British merchants and special laws favour his goods. The German export trade, unable to command raw materials freely, has no colonial market. The Italian case is even worse, for Italy has far less material at home than Germany.

There has been no political revolution with us, as in Russia, Italy, and Germany, but there has been a certain economic revolution, which has nevertheless left the working nation very much what it was. We retain our complete political freedom and the greater part of our economic freedom. There is no country in the world that can compare with ours for stability and a certain standard of prosperity, and further British progress depends upon British colonial developments, world trade recovery, and the maintenance of peace. We have nothing to gain and everything to lose by war.

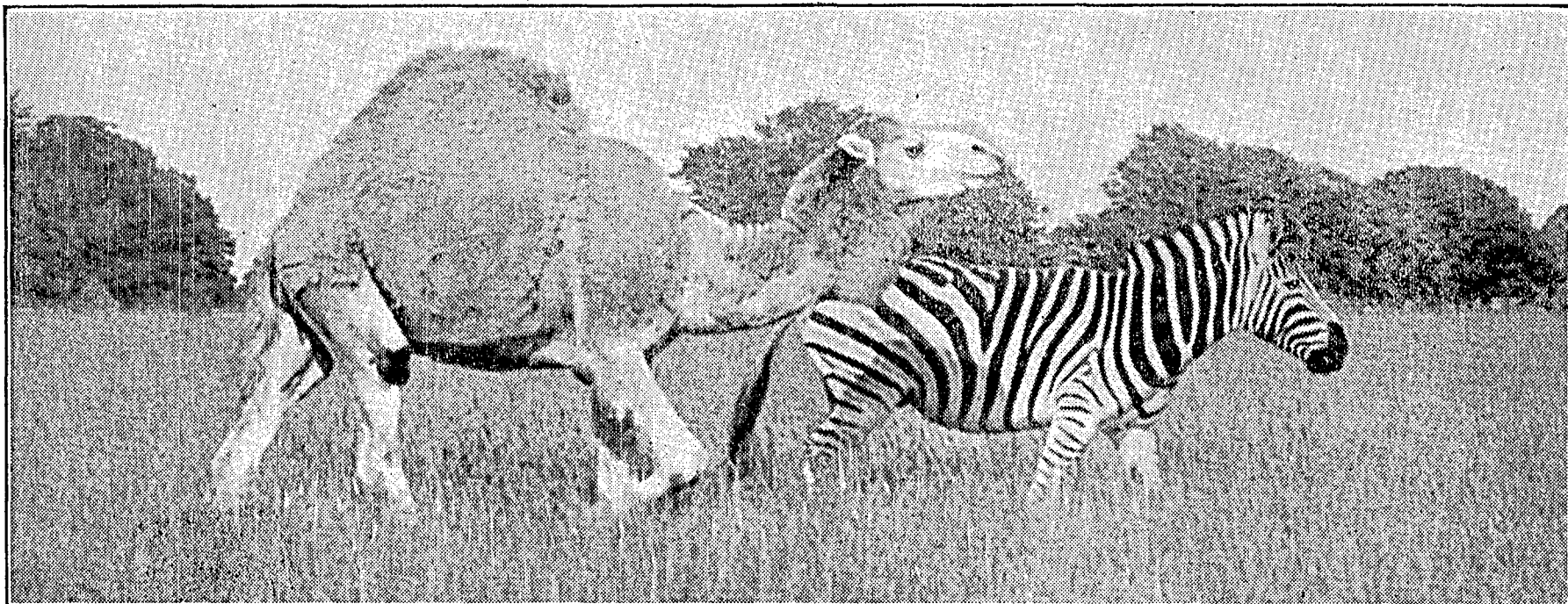


July 27, 1935

*The Children's Newspaper*

9

## WHIPSNADE FRIENDS · AUSTRIAN FOLK-DANCERS · GULLS OF NEWLYN



New Friends—A dromedary has been placed in the zebra enclosure at Whipsnade, and here we see one of the old tenants showing the newcomer round.



Austria in England—These folk-dancers came from Austria to take part in the International Folk-Dancing Festival held in London. Here they are seen giving a display in a Hertfordshire village.



Anticipation—The gulls of Newlyn, on the Cornish coast, swoop round the quay because they have learned to expect some titbits when the fishermen are cleaning out their baskets.



## THE GIRL GUIDE AND THE FUTURE Like a Beacon in a Troubled Sea

By the Archduchess Ileana

We remember that the Archduchess Ileana of Austria would often read the C N when she was at school. Now we have had the pleasure of reading her.

We quote this from an article by her Imperial Highness on Girl Guides.

A great wave of nationalism is sweeping over Europe today. All countries seem suddenly to have realised that the young play a great part, or will do so in the future, and have started to think seriously of an education in the desired direction, apart from school.

Why have they found that school is not sufficient? Mostly, I should think, because everything which is learned there is a lesson, learned because it has to be, killing the spontaneity which is the great strength of youth. So they have set up organisations in which the young can join freely and learn to serve and to be of use to their nation.

### A Great Mission

In the whirlpool of aims, ideas, and organisations the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movement stands out like a beacon in a troubled sea. It is, as far as is humanly possible, the ideal, because it combines the national and the international idea. No child can learn to appreciate and understand another country if it has not first learned to love and serve its own.

The Girl Guide movement can so easily be adapted to each land without losing one atom of its original aim. Every land has its own language and faith, and these each Guide should know and respect as she must love and honour her own King or Government, knowing that above all stands one God, and that all those who rightly love Him by serving each other are worthy of respect and friendship, whatever language or form of worship they may use. The Guides have a great mission before them today. They have to fight the good fight. All is at their disposal to win.

## ELECTRIFYING THE COUNTRY

### Faster but Too Slow REMOVE THE OBSTACLES

If the Electric Grid has not yet given us an All-Electric Britain it is not because the thing is impossible, but because there is still need for reform in so many directions.

The use of current increases, but still hardly more than half our British homes are wired for the use of electricity.

The giant pylons march impressively across the land, but we know only too well that they are surrounded by farms that know nothing of electrical work. Some thousands of farmers use current, but they form a negligible fraction of the agricultural community. Costs of installation are too high to enable the average farmer to employ what might be his salvation.

Railway electrification makes slow progress, and only within the last few weeks has the Treasury guaranteed the raising of a £35,000,000 loan for certain London extensions. The guarantee ought to be extended to a much wider field.

Quite as urgent is the need of a complete standardisation. There are too many voltages in use, and even in London a wireless set useful on one side of a thoroughfare may be useless on the other, because here the current is Direct and there Alternating.

Every obstacle to the liberal use of electricity should be removed.

**To CN Motorists  
Do Not Buy Petrol  
From Ugly Stations**

## HOW LONG WILL OIL RULE?

FLEETS of specially constructed vessels, known as tankers, carry mineral oil and its products about the world.

It is a fearful business, this transport, for the vessels and everything in them smell vilely of oil, which impregnates clothes, food, bedding, and tobacco. It is a dangerous trade, too, from the nature of the material. The seamen get a trifle extra as wages, a pound a month or so, which seems small enough.

Petroleum, especially the spirit derived from it (which we call petrol and the Americans call gasoline), has changed the face of the world, ruining old trades and building new ones. It has covered the roads with motor-vehicles, filled the air with aeroplanes, made war an extremity of horror, made it possible to mail a letter to the Antipodes in a fortnight, and ruined the lives of many coal-miners.

The British Empire, rich in nearly all other materials, is deficient in petroleum. In 1934 the whole world produced about 200 million tons, and the British Empire only about four million tons.

The chief producers are the United States, Russia, Venezuela, Rumania, Persia, Dutch East Indies, and Mexico.

The United States has a curious natural monopoly of mineral oil, pro-

ducing more than all the rest of the world together. Russia is rapidly developing her resources, and China probably has reserves not yet exploited.

So much now depends on oil that great interest attaches to the length of its tenure. Clear enough it is that the natural reservoirs of oil are relatively small, and that King Petroleum therefore enjoys a merely temporary monarchy.

Long ago the life of natural petroleum was put at some 30 years, but there have been fresh finds, and it is possible that considerable quantities will still be available in 20 or 30 years time, despite increased use. Such a period is a very brief span in industrial history, and great changes must follow the exhaustion of natural supplies.

Coal, of course, yields motor-spirit, and large-scale experiments in its production are proceeding in all coal countries. The artificial product will doubtless follow upon oil exhaustion, or even before, and the life of oil will then be one with the life of coal, again a brief chapter in world history.

As things are, all the world brings oil wastefully to market in haste to make profit, regardless of the future, and it is fortunate that science holds out hope that such hasty exploitation will be made good by work of a different order.

## A HEART LIVES ON

A LONGER life has been secured for the dead heart by Dr Alexis Carrel.

For more than 20 years this French biologist at the Rockefeller Institute, New York, has kept alive portions of the bodies of animals. He has preserved them in what may be called broths having in them substances which feed the strip of nerve or muscle, but without the bacteria which might injure them.

More than ten years ago he took a heart from a dead animal and kept it alive in the same way; and he has continued to improve the methods. A new and important step has now been taken, though it is no more than an elaboration of what he had already done.

In collaboration with Colonel Lindbergh, the famous airman, he has devised an apparatus in which a heart (or other organ such as a thyroid gland or kidney), after being removed with its surrounding tissues, arteries, veins, nerves, and lymph vessels, can be kept, nourished, and protected from injury.

In the apparatus is a solution containing the blood fluid of the animal

and split-up proteins, or food elements.

An air supply with a large proportion of oxygen is pumped into this fluid and it is kept always in an incubator at body temperature.

Special precautions have been taken to prevent the intrusion of bacteria into this apparatus, so that the preserved organ may be kept free from bacterial disease. This and the method of supplying food are the new things which have been devised, and it is confidently expected that the bodily organs thus sustained will live for a very long time.

To keep them longer than ever before is not Dr Carrel's object. What he hopes to do, when he can study a living organ continuing its life as if in a living body, is to find how and why a bodily gland like the thyroid makes the secretions it pours into the body through the blood vessels. Secondly, he expects to be able to study the onset and progress of an infectious disease on a living organ, when bacteria or other micro-organisms are introduced into the apparatus where the organ is kept alive.

## THE CANDLE AND THE MOTH

WHY does the moth commit suicide in the candle? What is the secret of the fatal attraction?

One new answer to this age-old puzzle is furnished by the suggestion that the moth is a receiver as well as an emitter of very short wireless waves. In full daylight the more powerful and ubiquitous light waves swamp these feeble emissions, but at night the moth may be able or desirous to tune in with the microscopic waves of energy emitted from a less powerful source of light like a candle.

The suggestion is ingenious and receives some support from the idea that very tiny living organisms like bacteria receive and make use of the shortest waves of light. But we must say that there are simpler explanations of the moth's behaviour.

It has long been known that the attraction to light (or aversion from it) among moths and similar insects varies with the intensity and even the colour of the light. Some hide themselves in

broad daylight but turn to the Sun or toward it in the weaker light of sunset.

The explanation offered by Sir Arthur Thomson was that the moth's path toward the candle was in some way accidental. When it came within the influence of a candle one of its eyes during the moth's circling was much more illumined than the other owing to the way in which it happened to be flying. Chemical processes were then set up in the illumined eye differing from those in the other.

From these conditions it followed that the nerves and muscles of the two sides of the animal were differently affected and the moth tended to move so as to secure an equal influence for both eyes. Thus it might circle round and round the flame with a narrowing radius and eventually into it.

But in support of the idea that other less perceptible causes may be at work Dr F. M. Washburn has pointed out that the invisible ultra-violet rays alter a moth's response to light.

## THE NEW ITALY English Flowers Are Blooming There

English garden flowers are blooming gaily in Italy.

In the new Rome, growing up so magnificently round the old Rome, one notices immediately the number of parks and gardens.

We usually think of sombre cypress and yew trees, of marble fountains, stone statues and terraces, in connection with Italy, but the taste today is for green grass and bright flowers, and there are many long stretches of these, kept fresh and green with daily hosing.

The Pope's garden in the Vatican is not only extremely beautiful with its vistas of rose gardens and rare rock plants, but offers a delightful surprise. Its large lawns are dotted over with small bushes, every one hiding a sprinkler ready to send up a refreshing fountain immediately the tap is turned.

### Best Show of All

Thousands of young rose trees are in full flower in the new park, the Colle Oppis, and the newly laid-out stretch between St John Lateran and Santa Croce is filled with flowering shrubs. Flower shows are now held in the Borghese Gardens, to which both professionals and amateurs send exhibits.

But perhaps the best show of all is one in the Sabine hills, which could compete successfully with any old English garden. Here are magnificent delphiniums, lupins, antirrhinums, Canterbury bells, columbines, peonies, poppies, pentstemons, hollyhocks, sunflowers, marigolds, and many another old favourite, all in flower in early June and all grown from English seed.

Every balcony in Rome has its pot-and-box garden carefully tended and watered, and it is a happy thing to see this side of Italian life and to realise afresh the love of beauty which is so strong in the people.

## A CARPENTER AND HIS DOG

### They Lie Together

This little story is true, and is told by a minister in Glasgow who has been recalling old memories.

One Sunday two ladies in black came to the vestry. One of them had lost her husband; would I give my services at the burial on Monday afternoon?

I made my way next day to the top storey of one of Glasgow's dismal tenements in one of its many narrow, depressing streets. I was shown into a comfortable and spotless home, where the widow told me this story.

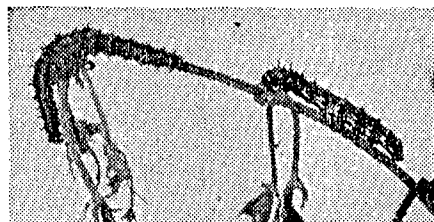
The family had grown up and gone out into the world, and for some years she and her husband, a carpenter, had lived alone except for Darkie, their little dog, who had been her husband's constant companion when he was off duty. They had both loved the little creature, but his deepest affection was for his master, whom he saw off to work and always greeted first on his return.

Then master had come home ill and gone to bed, and somehow Darkie did not seem well that afternoon, either. The next day the doctor was called in, and soon the carpenter had to be taken to hospital. As the ambulance men prepared to move him, Darkie, ill himself, watched with jealous eyes, followed to the door, and gave one sad bark as they disappeared from sight. From that moment the dog would neither eat nor drink.

Two days passed, and a coffin was brought home, and when the men had gone the little dog crept from his corner, squeezed through the slightly-open door, climbed with some difficulty on to a chair by the open coffin, and looked for the last time at the familiar face of his master. Then he crept back to his little bed, and the next day Darkie, too, was dead. They were buried together.



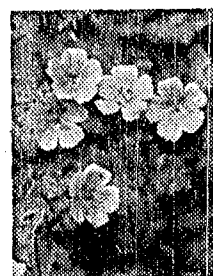
## NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



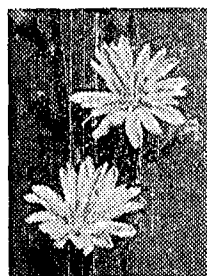
The caterpillars of the Painted Lady butterfly are seen



Young shrews are to be seen, and have all the tameness of immaturity



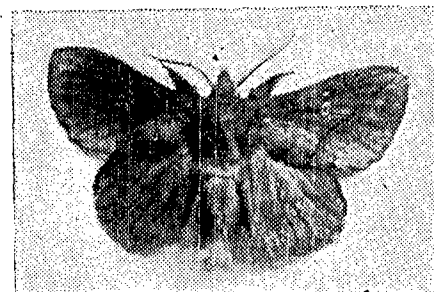
Meadow crane's bill is in blossom



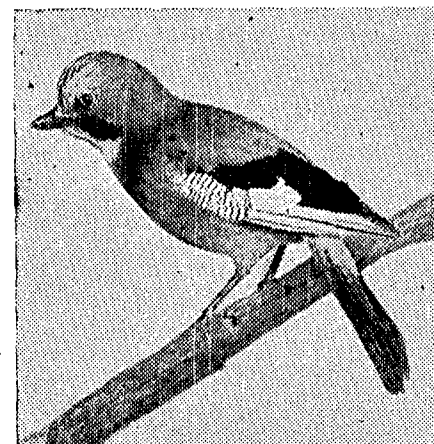
Succory, or wild chicory, is now in flower



Grasses of various kinds begin turning to seed, much to the delight of birds of the finch tribe



The Drinker moth is seen on the wing



The jay steals fruit from gardens and orchards, being particularly fond of currants

## THE NEW MAID WHO STAYED 50 YEARS

From a Travelling Correspondent

She is 77 years old and her face is a network of wrinkles; but her movements are as brisk, her voice is as young, and her smile as sweet as ever. For 50 years Marie Larsen has been servant, nurse, and friend in the same Copenhagen family, passing imperceptibly from one generation to another.

The baby girl whom she used to croon to sleep in her cot is now her mistress. Otherwise everything is as it was. She still thinks it her duty to keep spotlessly clean the six large rooms it was her task to "do" fifty years ago, although there are now many younger hands to do it. For she cannot exist without work. Besides, what else is she there for?

### When Life Really Began

As a matter of fact, it is not 50, but 63 years since Marie Larsen started working for other people. But the first 13 years were spent in the depths of the country, and it was only when, at 27, she came to Copenhagen that life really began for her.

It began with an experience which still, when she thinks of it, can make every wrinkle in her face smile. She had arrived by the afternoon train, and the same evening her new mistress told her to put out all the lights. They were gas lights, but Marie did not know that, never having seen any where she came from. So, standing on tiptoe, she carefully blew out light after light instead of turning off the gas, as she should have done. A little later the entire house reeked with the fumes, so that it was a mercy they were not all suffocated.

### No Complaint Against Life

The new maid soon got into city ways, however, and later inventions found her prepared. The best of them all, in her opinion, are central heating and the vacuum cleaner. A servant's work is just child's play now, she thinks, for you have not to carry coal from the cellar and beat all the carpets every other day.

"The young maids don't know how well off they are (she says). In my young days you slept anywhere, worked from dawn till midnight, and could not leave, however much you wished it, before the end of a year. But I was happy all the same, and have no complaint against life."

Marie's master and mistress celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her entrance into the family by giving a party for her, to which all her friends were invited. It was a pleasant landmark in her career as a domestic servant. But she is far from regarding it as a full-stop.

## THE GRUMBLE BOOK

### All Towns Please Copy

The municipality of Schoningen in Brunswick is very town-proud, and has made up its mind that Schoningen shall live up to its name, Schon being German for beautiful.

Recognising that many heads are better than a few, it has hit on the excellent notion of setting up a Book of Complaints in which every citizen is invited to put down whatever fault he finds with the management or the aspect of the town.

From time to time a committee of three will make house-to-house visits and discuss all deficiencies or abuses with the householders, so that everything falling short of perfection may be put right by the combined efforts of all.

### EUROPE'S WHEAT

Europe's wheat harvest should be a good one. The crop is estimated to be 1680 million bushels—about fifty millions more than in 1934.

## MISCHIEVOUS MISHA

### The Pet of the Farm

A Swedish writer who loves animals has been recalling some delightful memories of a crane which she used to know intimately.

It was a lady crane, picked up with a broken wing and brought back to health and strength by the owner of a farm in Sweden. Contrary to expectation, she did not fly away when her wing was healed but stayed on at the farm as though from the first she recognised it for the animals paradise that it was.

### When Misha Laughed Last

She was given the name of Misha, and soon became a privileged member of the little community. Horses and cows, pigs and hens, ducks and geese, cats and dogs, even a tame hedgehog, were her companions. But it was to the people of the farm that she attached herself more particularly; and it was funny to see her stalking majestically about the place at the heels of this person and of that.

There was an old lame gardener she was specially fond of and would follow everywhere, copying his limping gait to such perfection that everyone who saw them was convulsed with laughter. It was quite evidently a case of that imitation which is the sincerest form of flattery.

With all her gravity Misha was as mischievous as a puppy, though much more intelligent. None knew better than she at what time the family had their breakfast, and she never missed tapping on the tall french window for admittance. One morning it was decided not to open to her, in order to see what she would do. She knocked and banged and screeched, but the window remained closed; and suddenly someone in the room laughed. That was a pity. For the next instant Misha had rushed, with a cry of rage, to the herbaceous border that skirted the house, and in a twinkling pulled up by their roots all the young plants. Needless to say, she was never locked out again.

### Her Best Friend

Misha's best friend among the animals was a big St Bernard dog called Rex. For all her friendship, it was her joy to tease him by sneaking up to him when he was sleeping and tweaking his tail.

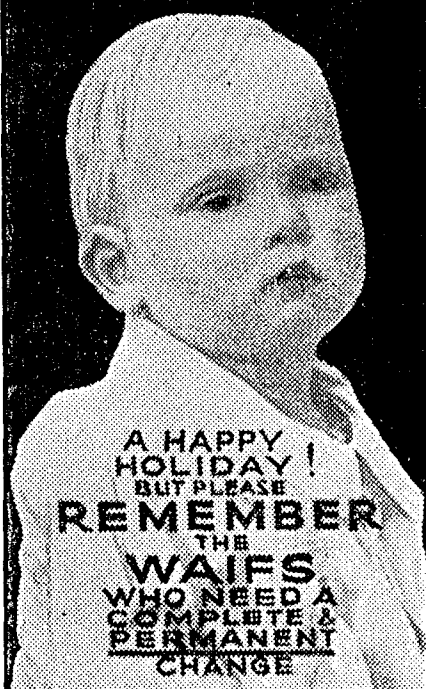
At first he used to start up in alarm, but after a while he got used to it and merely wagged his tail in response. This was not nearly so amusing, so Misha tried the same trick on Dixie the terrier. But there she came off badly, for he instantly gave furious chase. Misha, terrified, flew to Rex for protection; and not in vain, for Rex put his great paws round her and showed his teeth so menacingly that the terrier was forced to retreat. Misha, delighted, crept forth to dance her joy of victory, twirling on one leg.

### Instinct Conquers Affection

But, happy as she was at the farm, she was not to end her life there. Already the second autumn after her coming she seemed restless and uneasy as she saw her brother cranes preparing for their long flight. And though that time she quickly settled down again, the next year she evidently had a harder struggle.

She moped, refused her food, went off by herself again and again. Finally there came a day when she failed to return. Instinct had proved stronger than her affection for human friends, and she had flown away, with the others, to the beckoning South. Nor did she return, as was hoped, in the spring. Either she had fallen a victim to her trust in mankind or her long sojourn on the farm had made her unfit to stand the rigours of the journey. However that may be, it is certain that she has left a gap behind that has never been filled.

4500 CHILDREN UNDER OUR CARE



A HAPPY HOLIDAY!  
BUT PLEASE  
**REMEMBER**  
THE  
**WAIFS**  
WHO NEED A  
COMPLETE &  
PERMANENT  
CHANGE

WILL YOU SEND 1/-  
FOR HOLIDAY FOR 'JILL'  
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## THRILLS FOR TEA TIME

Just imagine having eighteen of the loveliest biscuits to choose from at tea time! Ask mummy to buy you some.

Emblem Assorted Biscuits

7p PER HALF POUND

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## MONKEY BOATS AND TOM PUDDINGS

### SHIPS THAT SAIL ENGLAND

The Growing Use of Canals as Means of Transport

#### SWIFTER AND BETTER BOATS

One of the prettiest sights we look on from our C.N. window is the barge sailing along the Thames, and we are reminded by it that every year these barges carry 12 million tons of goods about our land.

We call them all barges, and some talk of the men who handle them as bargees. A barge is one of the big broad-beamed, brown-sailed craft you may see on the lower Thames, the Crouch, or round the coast.

#### Varying Types of Craft

The craft that move on our canals are, properly speaking, monkey boats, or narrow boats. The ordinary monkey boat is 70 feet long and only seven feet wide. Roughly they are divided into two classes—open boats for cargo, such as bricks, ballast, and coal, which the weather won't hurt; and cloth boats, roofed with planks and canvas, for carrying more perishable stuffs. These are spoon-shaped, bow and stern, and have no keels. The Dutch taught us long ago that this is the shape for a canal boat.

But they are not all the same. Indeed, you find an amazing variety in canal craft. On the Leeds and Liverpool Canal they have short boats. These, however, are double as wide as monkey boats, having a beam of 14 feet 3 inches. Fen lighters are only 42 feet long. These are seen only on the Bedford Level. They usually travel in strings of five, being tightly coupled one to another bow and stern by "seizing" chains.

Swansea Canal boats are double-ended and the rudder can be changed from one end to the other as required; while Tyne wherries, which have been used for carrying coal for many generations, will hold a cargo of a hundred tons and are usually towed by tugs.

#### A Train of Boats

The oddest of canal boats are the Tom Puddings used on the Aire and Calder Navigation. They are nothing but oblong iron boxes each 20 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 8 feet deep. They carry 35 tons of coal. Nineteen of these Tom Puddings make a "train," which is towed by a steam tug. As boats of this shape offer a very heavy resistance to the water, and therefore tow badly, a short wedge-shaped boat is tacked on in front. This carries no cargo and its use is only for cleaving the water. It is called Dummy Bows.

Some monkey boats are still towed by patient horses, but every year more and more are fitted with motor-engines. The latest and finest canal boats are those built by the Grand Union Canal Company, which has recently spent a million pounds in building new locks and bringing its system up to date.

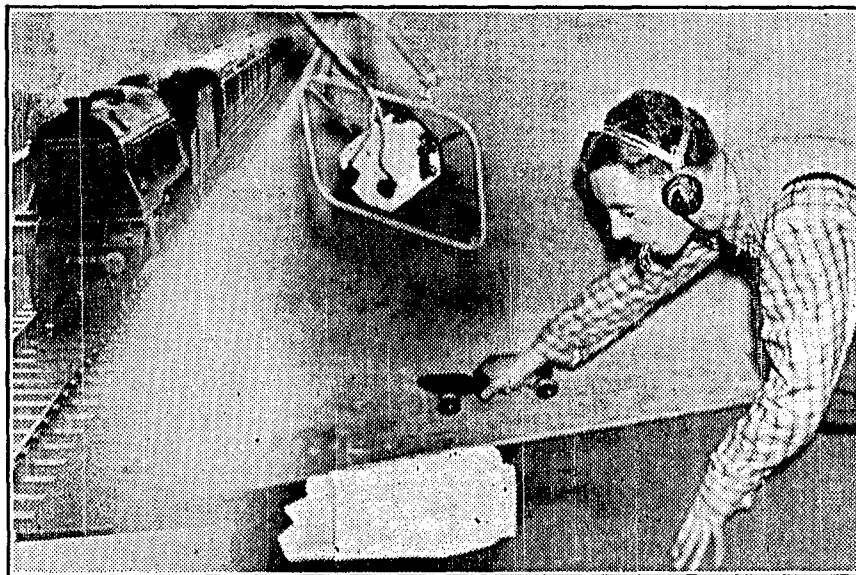
#### A Great Revival

These boats are built in pairs, the front one being provided with an 18 horse-power motor-engine and towing the second, called a butty. These craft have living quarters on a far better scale than was ever known before.

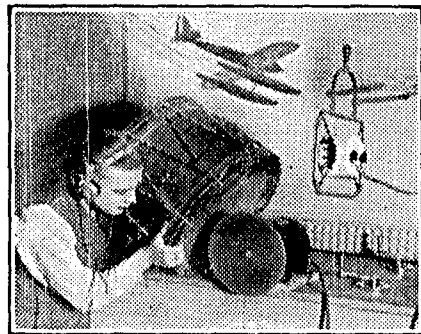
The cabin of the old type monkey boat has only 250 cubic feet of space; that is about the size of the average third-class railway compartment. In this the barge-man and his family have to live, cook, wash, sleep, and eventually die. True in summer they spend most of their time on deck, but in winter the weather makes this impossible and they are crowded in the stuffy confines of the tiny living-room.

A great revival is beginning in English canals, and within a few years the amount of cargo carried will rise to pre-war level.

## HOW A MICROPHONE DECEIVES US



Train—A roller skate on a tank, a whistle, and sandpaper.



Aeroplane—A drum and a revolving disc



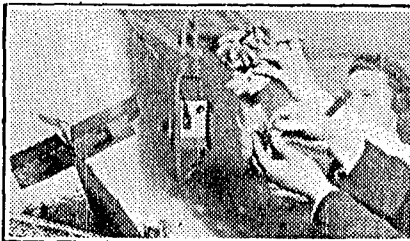
Motor-Cycle—A piece of paper held against revolving leather thongs



Coach—A child's reins with bells and bricks in a barrel are included in this effect



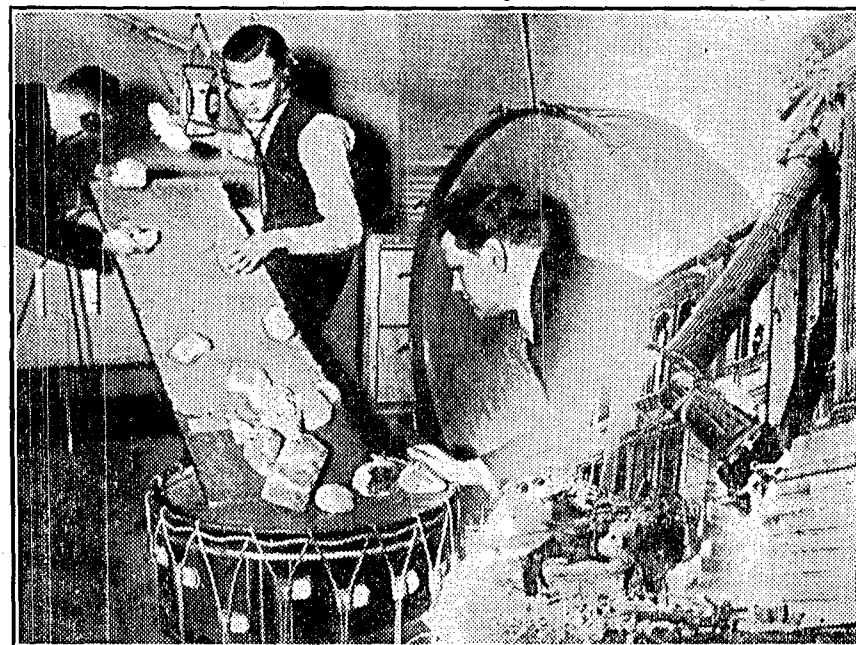
Rain—Rice falling on paper



Air Crash—Crushing a match-box and rustling paper



Waves—Lead shot rolled about in a drum gives the illusion of a rough sea



Falling Building—Bricks sliding down a board on to a drum

These pictures show how some of the noises that lend realism to radio drama are produced by the Effects Department of the B.B.C. in a special studio at Broadcasting House.

## THE SLAVE CLOCK

IT CAN KEEP TIME WITH THE STARS

The Partnership Between the Magnet and the Pendulum

SOMETHING TO SEE AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

Small boys and girls who stop the passer-by to ask the time could find it any weekday between ten and six at the Science Museum, South Kensington.

A clock is there which does not vary a second in a year. It can never be out by more than a few thousandths of a second.

It is the Shortt clock, made by Hamilton Shortt, and it is used by astronomers who have to regard a thousandth of a second as an important matter. One of the Shortt clocks is at Greenwich Observatory, where its pendulum swings in a vacuum; it is kept in a basement always at the same temperature.

#### The Slave and Its Master

These are aids to the clock's accurate timekeeping, but the foundation of the exactness which makes it the most wonderful clock in the world is in its construction. It is the outcome of 30 years of invention. Yet it starts from what is the simplest and best time-keeper that can ever be found, the freely swinging pendulum.

But in such a pendulum, which keeps time with the great round globe itself, the swings must not die down, and to make a clock of it they must be counted. Ordinary clocks sustain the swinging and count the swings by the escapement and other mechanism. But the free motion of the pendulum is interfered with thereby. What is wanted is something to keep the swings regular without impediment.

This is done by the slave clock. The slave waits on its master, always keeping it going, never allowing it to feel fatigued, remedying any irregularity before it can take place. But who is to keep the slave clock in time? The answer is that the master clock does so, and in this is the triumph of the invention.

#### In Time With the Stars

What the slave clock does is to give, through an electric current and an electro-magnet, a tiny impulse to the swinging pendulum every 30 seconds. This tiny push is just enough to make good the energy lost by the free pendulum in the preceding 30 seconds. The impulse is always the same and always given in the same way at the correct interval at the mid-point of the swing.

It might arrive the thousandth part of a second too soon or too late, but such a mistake is corrected by the pendulum itself, through whose axis runs the same electric current which governs the recurring taps given by the slave clock. If the tap arrives too soon at one of the 30-second intervals the pendulum will tell the slave clock to slow down for the next. But the slave soon settles down so that its rate is the same as the free pendulum and any variations afterward are always corrected.

The outcome of this happy partnership is a clock which can keep time with the stars.

#### THE HONEST CITIZENS OF LEEDS

Bus conductors cannot be in two places at once, and it is not their fault if they miss a fare down below while collecting on the top of the bus.

Honesty boxes have been fitted to tramcars and buses in Leeds for the collection of unpaid fares, and they are proving an unexpected source of revenue for the companies, thanks to the honesty of the passengers.



## THE SUN AGAIN ECLIPSED HIDDEN SPLENDOURS OF SCORPIUS

Where To Find a Much Vaster  
Solar System

### ACROSS THE MILKY WAY

By the C.N. Astronomer

The Sun will be partially eclipsed by the Moon on Tuesday next, July 30, at about 8 in the morning, Summer Time.

Unfortunately the eclipse will only be visible from the great watery waste bordering Antarctica and south of the Indian Ocean, where only about a quarter of the Sun will be seen to be obscured.

The grand constellation of Scorpius, the Scorpion, to which we introduced our readers last week, passes overhead during these winter evenings in Australia and South Africa; it is, therefore, in southern regions where the Scorpion may be seen in its full glory. The accompanying star-map presents the southerly continuation of Scorpius and shows the chief stars which extend below our horizon, Epsilon being the most southerly one seen in England.

In addition to the colossal Antares and the marvellous multiple sun Beta or Graffias, described last week, the Scorpion contains numerous most impressive areas of stellar magnificence, for Scorpius lies across some of the richest portions of the Milky Way, where many millions of suns provide a "background" of light which is invisible in these latitudes and during our short summer nights.

The brightest stars of Scorpius include one of first magnitude, six of second, and eight of third; all are much nearer than the stellar splendour beyond. The bright second-magnitude star Epsilon, difficult to observe on account of its low altitude, is one of the five nearest, but it is 41 million times farther away than our Sun; it is, however, a giant sun which radiates about 4500 times the light of our Sun, the light taking about 650 years to reach us.

The light from Delta, shown on last week's star-map, takes about 400 years to reach us. The immensity of this sun may be estimated from the fact that it radiates about 1500 times the light of our Sun but from a distance some 25 million times farther away. Antares and Graffias, described last week, are 362 and 400 light-years distant respectively. It can thus be seen that the Scorpion Cluster, as it is sometimes called, is at an immense distance and comparable with the Orion Cluster.

#### Suns Similar To Our Own

Little Xi is, however, an exception, for this small star of fourth magnitude is situated far to the north of the Scorpion Cluster and is no part of it except that it provides a tip for one of the modern Claws. The star, indicated in last week's star-map, is but 81 light-years distant and composed of three suns, all somewhat similar to our own.

The two brightest, of 4.8 and 5.1 magnitude respectively, are together nearly three times as massive as our Sun. They revolve in a vast orbit at an average distance apart of about 1,675,000,000 miles (that is, somewhat nearer together than Uranus is to the Sun), taking 44 years and 8 months to complete a revolution. At a distance that appears to be about seven times farther away than the others are apart is a third and smaller sun which probably takes upward of a thousand years to revolve.

G. F. M.

## JUBILEE'S PROGRESS HER TOO ENERGETIC MOTHER

A Common Error About  
Tortoises as Garden Pets

### THE LATEST ZOO BABIES

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Jubilee, the famous baby chimpanzee born at the Zoo last February, is now able to go out of doors. Every day she spends nearly an hour in the fresh air with her mother, and the little animal is obviously benefiting from her outings.

In preparation for the time when Jubilee would be old enough to play in the open air the Zoo had the floor of the chimpanzee's outdoor den paved with wood instead of concrete so that the surface would be smooth and warm for the youngster's tender feet and hands.

#### Antelopes For Whipsnade

At present, however, the floor has had to be provided with a blanket as well, because Jubilee's mother, Booboo, drags her about so energetically. The blanket is often dragged about as well as Jubilee, but it protects her.

In comparison with her sturdy mother Jubilee still looks small and fragile, but the last time she was weighed she was found to have gained six ounces in a week. She has cut five teeth and has begun to eat grapes, pieces of banana, and bits of lettuce.

As yet she cannot walk, but is trying to stand, holding on to the bars and pulling herself on to her feet. When indoors she takes little interest in her visitors, from whom she is separated by a glass partition, but when out of doors she frequently gazes steadily at an admirer and calls out.

The latest Zoo babies consist of a snow goose, four night herons, three sacred ibis, and two black-backed gulls. From external sources the newcomers are a tame mongoose called George, a young gibbon ape, and a number of antelopes which are destined for Whipsnade when their period in quarantine has expired.

#### Greek Tortoises

News from Whipsnade is that a colony of Greek tortoises has been established on a lawn in front of the restaurant. As these are the common tortoises so popular as garden pets, this feature will show visitors how they should treat them if they adopt them as pets. They are provided with water and with a generous supply of lettuces and cabbages, for, contrary to a rather common belief, the Greek tortoise is a strict vegetarian. The insect-eating tortoise is the terrapin, but he cannot live without a pond.

### WHERE LINDBERGH WAS A BOY

When Lindbergh was a boy he little thought the home where he spent his youth would be made into a national shrine in his lifetime.

The house is now being restored and furnished exactly as when the Lindbergh family lived there, and boys of generations to come will be able to imagine Charles as a boy tinkering about with motors in his leisure hours.

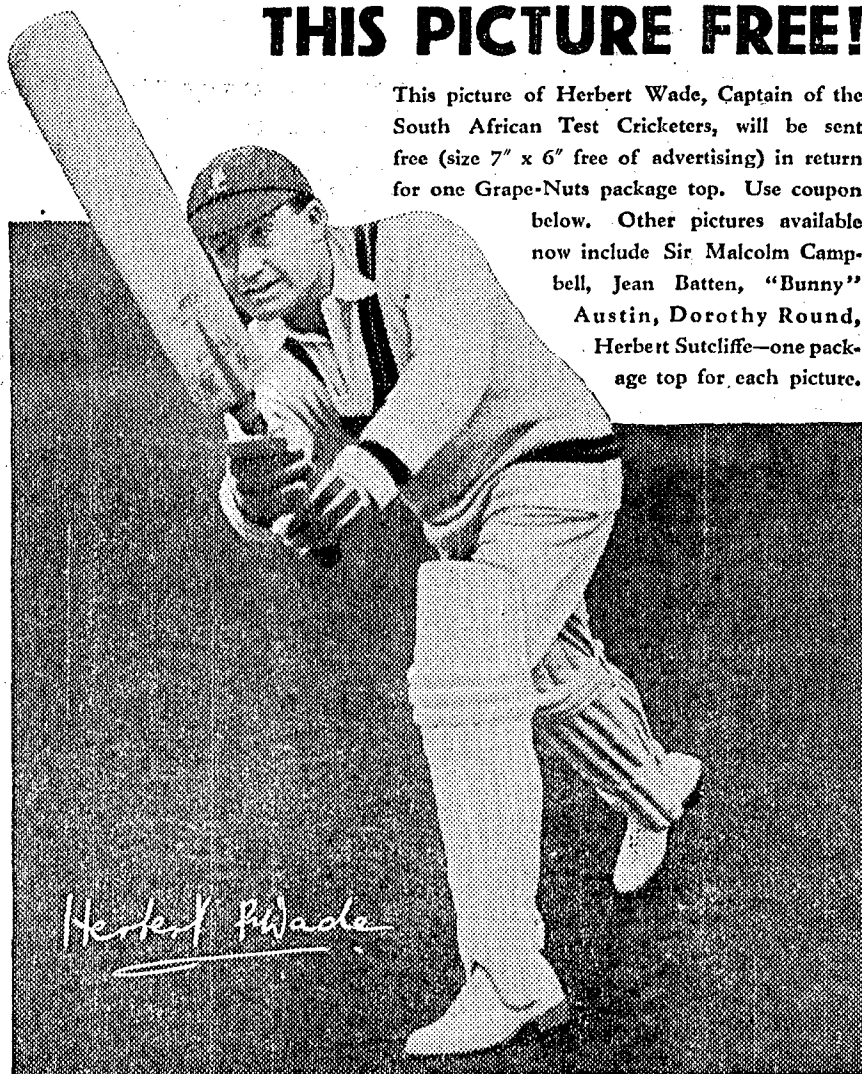
Four years ago the citizens of Minnesota made the 90 acres of ground surrounding the house into a State park, and set aside a thousand pounds for improving the land. Lindbergh then asked that the park might be named after his father, who was a Representative of Minnesota in Congress.

#### TINTERN ABBEY

Mr Arthur E. Henderson has rendered a great service to all lovers of Tintern by preparing a set of drawings of Tintern Abbey as it was and publishing them with pictures of the ruins as they are. (Simpkin Marshall, 2s.)

## THIS PICTURE FREE!

This picture of Herbert Wade, Captain of the South African Test Cricketers, will be sent free (size 7" x 6" free of advertising) in return for one Grape-Nuts package top. Use coupon below. Other pictures available now include Sir Malcolm Campbell, Jean Batten, "Bunny" Austin, Dorothy Round, Herbert Sutcliffe—one package top for each picture.



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YOU need its energy too

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# THE HOUSE THAT DISAPPEARED

Serial Story  
By Gunby Hadath  
What Has Happened Before

Roger Greyson, leaning eagerly out of the carriage window as the train pulls up at the little station, is surprised that his father is not there to meet him.

And when at last he reaches the spot where his old home has stood for so many hundreds of years he is staggered to find that the house has disappeared.

## CHAPTER 7 The Rat

BUT Roger was no light weight, and not to be thrown as easily as the unknown appeared to imagine.

Though he could not wrestle with any particular skill, he could struggle with all the power of strong thighs and sinews reinforced by red-hot rage. So if his assailant was counting on the benefit of the surprise and on the sack enveloping Roger's head, he was now to collect a little surprise for himself as his scraggy but interlocked fingers were wrenched from their grip, and, receiving a substantial knee in the chest, he gasped, reeled backwards, and fell.

Roger was tearing at the cord so tightly securing the sack round his head. But before he could either unknot it or discover how it acted the unseen had picked himself up and rushed forward again. Then, snarling like a wildcat, he sprang at his victim, endeavouring this time to get his hands on his throat.

Half throttled already, nearly suffocated by the fingers clawing his throat, and blinded by the sacking lashed round his head Roger could neither take to his legs nor hope to stand up much longer unless some help came.

He wished he could see this skinny-fingered unknown. He wished he could get this stifling sack off his head, that he didn't need both his hands to defend himself. Ah, the grip had slipped from his windpipe; it was trying for his knees—a flying kick launched haphazard brought a yelp of agony which mightily cheered Roger. Aye, if only he had the use of his eyes he could master this rat—little rat—who dared not attack a fellow until he had blinded him.

Then he longed for the rat to say something instead of yelping or snarling. With great effort he roared through the sacking, "What do you want with me?"

The only response was a soft, stealthy rustling of grass which sounded like his enemy stealing behind him. So, listening with all his ears, and swaying and reeling, since nothing but his great strength and courage kept him erect, Roger began to pivot round, very slowly, in order to keep his front, if he could, toward the enemy.

But the rat rushed in and slammed vicious hacks and kicks at his shins.

Roger staggered, flung him off; and a curious thing happened. He realised that he was beginning to see through the coarse mesh of the sack. The grass appeared, looking brown; and the sky, muddy blue; and the silhouette of a man's figure, sideways on, crouching.

"You scoundrel! I can see you!" roared Roger.

The effect was as electrical as unexpected. For that crouching figure, preparing for a new rush, straightened up, and took to its heels through the hedge. Then feverishly Roger's hands went once more to the cord: but tug and strain as he might he could not release it. His knife! Quick, quick! That jack-knife in his trousers pocket. It was out and hacking through cord and the sack. And only when he had freed his head did he realise how near he had come to actual suffocation.

How good the fresh air was again!

Then reaction from the struggle and shock overcame him. His temples ached viciously, the blood drummed in his ears, his legs were trembling, he could only stand gasping and panting. "Phew!" he thought, when his breath came more freely. "I've had a near squeak."

And then, and not before, he felt equal to making a move into the adjoining field after the man who had attacked him.

But the fellow had vanished.

"Guess he bunked by the ditch," Roger growled; so all along the hedge he followed by the side of the ditch where the crushed and beaten-down grasses confirmed his opinion. "Crawling away down a ditch!" he muttered scornfully. "Yes, that's the way you'd expect a rat to sneak off!"

He was vexed that he had not been able to see the rogue's face. Nor hear his voice

properly. There was nothing to tell him by if their ways should ever cross again, as they might. For, thinking it over on his way back, he felt positive this had been no casual encounter, no chance attempt, for instance, by a tramp or a pickpocket, but a deliberate attack upon him.

So, groggy and dazed still, he made his way back to the inn, where without a word he went upstairs to his room; and when he had washed and unpacked and changed some of his clothes he stretched himself out on the bed to have a good rest.

He ate his supper with Pigeon, both strangely silent. Afterwards he slipped out into the dusk and was standing by the horse-trough in front of the inn, idly trailing his fingers through the cool water, when he heard a swinging tread on the road and the snatch of a song:

Birch logs will burn too fast,  
Chestnut scarce at all;  
Hawthorn logs . . .

Zachary! What was he doing here? Roger moved forward; then, thinking better of it, slipped indoors again; to hear that swinging tread next instant in the flagged passage.

Roger's host had heard it as well, and popped out. "Evening, Zachary!"

"Evening, Nicole!"

"How goes it?"

"Ah, so, so. But I'm come to ask you—" There, catching sight of Roger, the old fellow broke off with embarrassment. "But talk of a personage and he's sure to appear," he said clumsily. "So, mebbe, Nicole, you know more than myself about young gentlemen who wander by night?"

## CHAPTER 8 What Nicole Let Out

THE remark was not meant for Roger's ears, but they caught it. So, after Pigeon had hustled the pair of them into his parlour Roger asked him to tell the water-bailiff who he was. And thus vouched for, he said frankly, "Mr Redstar, I believe I misjudged you this morning."

A guffaw from Pigeon. "Call him Zachary, sir. That be his name, sir!"

"Sorry, Zachary," Roger said, smiling. "But if I misjudged you I'm pretty sure that you misjudged me as well."

"Then that's tit for tat, which is fair measure all the world over," the water-bailiff responded, offering his hand. "Last night I hadn't overmuch cause to misdoubt you. But this morning I'll own that I didn't know what to make of you, because of that fellow what come nosing round in the night. Oh, aye, I see him right enough," he admitted, "but I wasn't letting on to you that I'd seen him. For, considering all said and done, how mysterious like you had arrived yourself out of nowhere, it might easily ha' been that you two was up to some mischief together! So a still tongue and a sharp eye was my motto, laddie."

Roger pondered. "Please tell me this," he brought out. "Do either of you know anyone around here with particularly skinny hands?"

"Nay, a mort o' people needs flesh on their hands," answered Pigeon, extending his own, plump as dumplings.

"Well, then, anyone who goes about in boots of soft leather, like town boots? This afternoon I was hacked on the shins." He drew up one of his trouser legs. "See?" he showed them. "There's hardly a swelling. But if I had been hacked by hobnails I guess I'd have known it."

"Aye, twould have lamed you," frowned Zachary. "But where was your eyes, lad?"

"In a bag!" smiled Roger, and told what had happened.

"Nay, I reckon it were a stranger to these parts," said Zachary. He appealed to his friend. "Eh, Nicole? You'd say twere some stranger?"

But Nicole Pigeon, who had been fidgeting in his chair, and getting up and sitting down again while Roger was speaking, made no reply to this; he looked very uneasy and troubled, and as his cheerful face grew graver and graver it became obvious that some struggle was going on within him. They watched in astonishment, until he leaned forward, and fixing Roger with his eye he whispered: "Be you in trouble, sir?"

"It looks like it," parried Roger, "from what I've been telling you."

"Then that settles it," groaned Pigeon, mopping his forehead. Zachary rose to his feet. But his friend pushed him back.

"Nay, bide you," he pleaded, "for mebbe we'll need your long head, Zachary. Please, you listen, sir." He had turned to Roger again. "I'm a-going to let a cat out of the bag. It wasn't the truth what I told you this morning. Here's the truth—the

Colonel has stayed with me off an' on, sir, since January."

"Stayed here!" shouted Roger.

"Aye, here. At the Crab Apple. Off and on, ever since January," the good man repeated, in a gust of relief. "Mind you an' your good lady keep it dark, Nicole," he bids me. 'It mustn't get out to anyone, not even to my son, Nicole.' And I only disobeys orders now, sir, for your sake."

"Yes, but I don't quite understand how for my sake?" stared Roger.

"Well, after what you've been tellin' us," Pigeon said dubiously.

"How did my father's letters arrive?"

"He fetched them himself, sir, from Coldhaven."

"I see," said Roger quietly.

Thereupon, while Roger could hardly sustain his amazement, the honest man came out with his startling disclosure. Since the third week in January, he repeated, consulting a diary, Colonel Greyson had stayed on and off at the Crab Apple, and had been here, in fact, no later than this last week-end when he had left on the Monday morning in a car, with his luggage and two strange men, townsfolk by their looks, who had been there before, when they visited him early in July and had tea.

"What did they come for?" cried Roger.

"That I don't know, sir. Your father

wasn't likely to tell me."

"But he'd known you so long! You were such old friends. He must have chatted."

"Just now an' then, sir; late at night, for he slept badly. He'd complain to me now an' then of the bad times in England, how the money he'd put away was more or less lost, sir, and how he didn't mind for himself; but was thinkin' of you. 'Pigeon,' he'd say—and he said this, sir, more than once—'Pigeon, there's few openings for an active lad left in this country. So far as I can see there's few openings, Pigeon.' Aye, that seemed to be much on his mind."

"Were Hagan and Martha with him?"

"No, sir, they wasn't."

"Where are they, Pigeon?"

"Nay, I haven't the faintest idea. An' if so be," faltered the rosy man, "as I've done wrong in betraying the Colonel's confidence, then I asks pardon."

"My dear chap," cried Roger, concealing a smile, "you've done perfectly right. But can't you remember anything else my father may have let drop? Didn't he say why he wasn't at the Priory?"

"That he did not, sir. I've told you all that he said, except, of course, that my little maid mustn't talk either."

"And she hasn't?"

Nicole Pigeon's face beamed like the sun. "Not she, sir! She keeps her tongue to help wi' her vittels; a most rare hand she be when the joint comes out o' the oven. Ah, but that reminds me," he went on, "as how I suggested one day when the Colonel was short of something or other that I'd send the little maid to fetch it from the Priory. But the Colonel he ups an' he cries out, 'Nay, keep her away, Pigeon! She's not to go near the marshes. Nor you,' he says, 'neither. Nor none of you,' he says. Quite sharp he was, too, sir."

"Then when were you on the marshes last?" Roger asked quietly.

"Eh, when would it be?" echoed Pigeon, appealing to Zachary, who, except to unwind his plaid muffler, had made no movement since his offer to leave them. "The last time I clapped eyes on the marshes was with you, Zachary, when we crossed the causeway together one morning last autumn."

Zachary nodded. "That's so," he agreed, in his calm, gentle tones. "You see, as I told you last night, lad," he explained to Roger, "it's but once in a while I get down to these lower reaches."

"Then you yourself haven't been on the marshes either for a long time?"

"Nay, nor seen them," asserted Zachary, "save from the river." He drew a twist of tobacco from one of his pockets. "And the last time I sighted the marshes in that way," he uttered, looking up from his task to eye Roger reflectively—

"You mean from the river?"

"Aye, coming down in my boat." He stuffed the tobacco into his pipe. "Aye, I've reason to remember that evening," he said, "because twere the first and last time in my life that ever I did see a mirage."

"An' what's that?" cried Nicole.

"Tis an optical illusion, as the books call it. Tis very often, I'm told, a trick of the light and the temperature of the air. But this one that I've seen was just about sunset, and the fading sun was slanting across the marshes. Well, it happened that I was looking toward the old Priory, and, bless me! if the whole house, chimneys and all, didn't look like nothing on earth save one bunch of palisading."

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO TAKES A DIVE

WHEN Great Uncle Timothy came for his summer visit he was not quite his usual sprightly self.

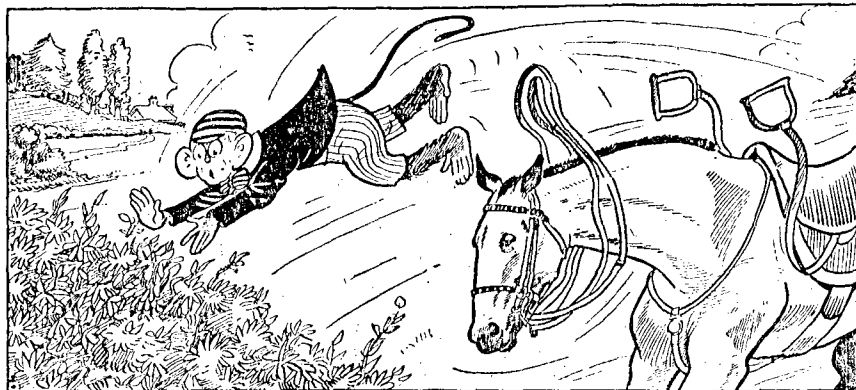
"These old bones of mine are getting stiff, boys," he said. "I can't run round with you as I should like to."

But the generous old man did not mean his nephews to miss their usual treat, so he asked them to choose something they could do without him.

Jacko tossed his head scornfully. "I'll get a horse that will budge, anyway," he retorted.

Adolphus couldn't resist a final shot. "Better practise first on Baby's rocker in the nursery," he suggested.

That was the last straw for Jacko. He flounced out and strutted off to the stables, determined to ride the biggest horse he could get.



With a wild shriek over he went

Adolphus decided to have a ticket for a violin recital. Baby chose to be taken to the Zoo by his mother. Jacko couldn't make up his mind. "Ah! Great idea!" he exclaimed at last. "I'll have a riding lesson on a whopping gee-gee!"

"Better go slow on the whopping," grinned Adolphus. "You didn't manage a small ass any too well not long ago!"

Mother Jacko joined in the laughter.

"Yes," she added. "You were nearly left behind at a picnic when your donkey stuck half-way across a stream. Don't you remember, dear?"

He got a big one all right—but the Riding Master, who knew him, knew it was a steady one too.

Soon Jacko was proudly trotting along. "Coo!" he cried. "I wish my folks could see me now. There'd be no more rude remarks about my riding."

But his pride soon vanished when a big fly stung the horse's nose, and with an angry snort it started to gallop.

Jacko's feet promptly shot from the stirrups. His shoulders lurched forward, and with a wild shriek he dived clean over the horse's head!



*Taste*  
tells you  
to ask  
for

# HōVIS

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Macclesfield

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...as a day  
at the  
sea-side!



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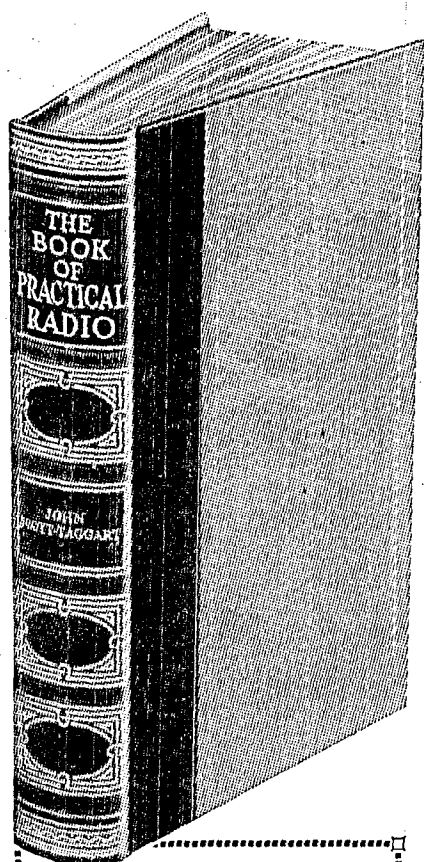
1. Operating wireless receivers.
2. Operating aerial coupler circuits.
3. How to work a reaction receiver.
4. Operating receivers using H.F. amplification.
5. Tuning multiple reaction circuits.
6. Operating ganged receivers.
7. Operating tone control devices.
8. Operating double reaction receivers which use a variable-mu valve.
9. Operating S.T. receivers.
10. Operating superheterodyne receivers.
11. Secrets of successful trimming.
12. How to identify foreign stations.
13. Installing a wireless receiver.
14. Aerial and earth faults.
15. How to test your components: (a) condensers, (b) inductance coils, (c) H.F. chokes, (d) L.F. chokes, (e) L.F. transformers, (f) mains transformers, (g) rheostats and potentiometers, (h) switches, (i) miscellaneous components.
16. Reaction faults remedied.
17. How to cure distortion and improve tone.
18. Noises and how to cure them.
19. Hum: its causes and cure.
20. How to read and use wireless circuits.
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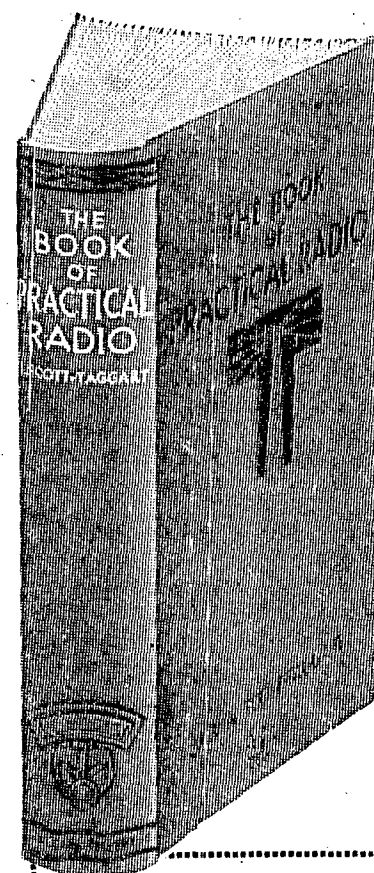


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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 27, 1935

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Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

## THE BRAN TUB

### Changed Letters

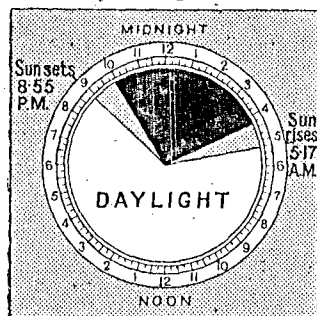
I AM a word of four letters meaning the exchange of money for goods; change my first and I am a strong wind; change my second and I am under your foot; change my third and I have great wisdom; change my last and I am a soluble mineral.

Answer next week

### Teddington

THE tide in the Thames is felt as far up the river as Teddington, where the first lock and weir are situated. It has often been wrongly stated that the name means Tide-end-town, but the name is older than the lock and means the town of the sons of Tidda or Tette, a common old English name, which was probably that of a prominent man who lived at or near what is now Teddington.

### Day and Night Chart



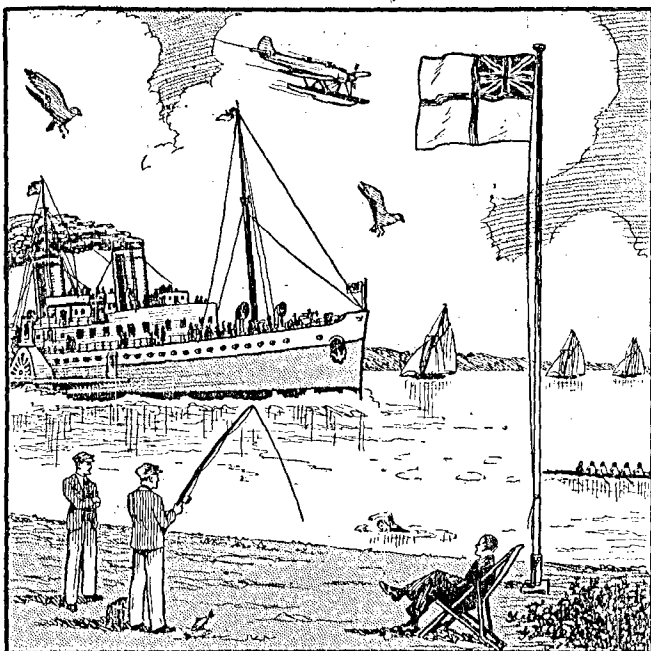
Daylight, twilight, and darkness on July 27. The daylight is now getting shorter each day.

### A Seas' de Observation Test

PLEASE look at the picture at the top of the page before reading farther. Having done so, test your powers of observation by seeing how many of these questions you can answer.

- Is the steamship a paddle-boat?
- How many sailing yachts?
- How many men in the rowing boat?
- What flag is shown?
- Is the man in the deck chair reading?
- How many funnels has the steamer?
- How many men are fishing?
- How many flying birds are there?
- Is there a swimmer?
- What type of aircraft is in the sky?
- Are the standing men wearing caps?
- Is the wind blowing to the left or to the right?

## A Seaside Observation Test



Look at this picture for two minutes, making a mental note of as many details as possible. Then cover the picture to hide it from view and see how many of the questions at the foot of column one you can answer.

### Transposition

PART of a foot with judgment transpose, And the answer you'll find just under your nose.

Answer next week

### I el On Parle Français



La perruque Le saule Le moulin à vent  
wig willow windmill  
Le monsieur portait une perruque.  
Le saule croît au bord de l'eau.  
Le moulin à vent a quatre ailes.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go  
How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to June 29, 1935, are compared with the corresponding weeks a year ago.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1935/1934	DEATHS 1935/1934
London	4992/5075	3229/3279
Glasgow	1822/1731	1050/1115
Birmingham	1390/1303	782/767
Belfast	682/697	419/424
Leeds	646/646	432/389
Edinburgh	594/581	411/418
Newcastle	437/399	258/253
Cardiff	274/270	172/157
Norwich	157/176	99/90
Warrington	130/119	73/69
Gloucester	85/71	38/42
Exeter	65/106	55/53

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus is in the West, Mars and Jupiter are in the South-West, Saturn is in the South-East, and Uranus is East toward midnight. No planets are visible in the morning. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 p.m. on Friday, August 2.



### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Anagram Puzzle  
Michigan, Huron, Erie, Superior, Ontario.  
Heads and Tails  
P-ear, clove-r, o-live, bo-a-r, c-rook, sea-l.  
Enigma. Letter X  
A Riddle in Rhyme. Sunflower  
Acrostic in Pictures  
Ostend, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Dover, Tripoli, Panama, Istanbul, Southampton—PORT SAID.

### The C N Cross Word

EAT	BB	ARM	ROD
GLEE	RAISE	SANE	F
RANT	IRRHINUM	F	
EH	DENSE	CUM	BE
TOP	DEEL	ANT	MAR
ROAM	ELL	TIES	
USE	STEEPLY	TIE	
SETT	AROSE	ABENT	

## Dr MERRYMAN

### The Never Never Land

JOHN: Doesn't James speak Esperanto fluently?  
Jack: Rather! You'd think he was a native.

### Fixed

BILL was rather inattentive, so the teacher asked him a test question.

"Where was Solomon's temple?"  
"On the side of his head, sir, the same as mine," replied Bill.

### He Could See His Hands

HE entered the furniture shop and addressed the salesman.  
"I want a mirror, please."  
"A hand mirror, sir?" queried the salesman.  
"Er—no, thanks; just one I can see my face in."

### The Owner

A RUSSY old gentleman poked his head out of the train.  
"I say, guard," he called, "is this my station?"  
"No, sir," replied the guard.  
"It belongs to the Great Western Railway Company."

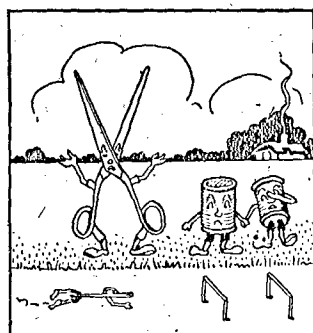
### Obliging

THE new maid was receiving instructions about her duties.  
"Now, we always like breakfast at seven-thirty," said her mistress.  
"That will be quite all right, ma'am," said the girl. "I'm never ready for mine before half-past eight."

### Right First Time

BLACK: I'm trying to compose a rhyme.  
Can you give me a word to rhyme with civil?  
White: Try drivell.

### The Stitches



THE Scissors won the first event: He had the longest stride. Two Reels of Cotton won the next: They found that they had tied. The Workbox Club was doing well, Till the Needle tried to run and fell.

## WAIT AND SEE

velvety black, with a beautiful orange body and folded, velvety black wings, crawled slowly out of its cocoon on to the little lady's finger; and after its folded wings had dried it opened them, showing yellow marks across the velvet blackness.

"We will take it into the garden. It is a grey day, so it will not mind: moths do not like the sunshine."

Out in the garden the beautiful moth walked right up the little lady's arm, fluttering its wings rapidly. Then swiftly, suddenly, it flew, higher and higher, away and away over the roof of the house.

"Goodbye!" called the children, as they gazed excitedly after it.

HAS YOUR NAME YET APPEARED IN THESE COLUMNS? NOW IS THE TIME TO HELP

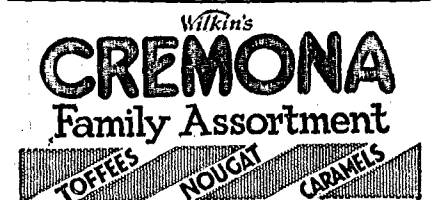
## The Little Folks Home

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**RESTORE CROOKED LIMBS AND PALE FACES TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS**

### The Home Needs £3,500 a year

Please send a gift now to the Secretary at the Hospital.  
GRATEFUL THANKS FOR THE FOLLOWING RECEIVED TO 13th JULY, 1935:

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Miss J. M. Crabb 7 0	Miss E. M. Brooks 5 0
Miss Susan Paton 10 0	Mrs. Bush 1 0
Miss Elsie Tate 1 8 0	Overseas Section 1 0
Miss Diana Arton 16 8	Daffodil Club (per Miss Mary John-son) 2 10 0
Miss Barbara Clingo 3 0	Miss Elvina 5 6
Mrs. Forknall 3 6	King Edward VII Welsh National Memorial Assoc. 5 0
Miss Sylvia Green 3 6	Miss Anne Wilkin-son 6 0
Miss Betty Hinds 7 6	Miss Betty Carver 15 6
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Miss Edith Nowell 8 6	Miss D. Neal 1 0
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Miss B. W. Kitchin 2 6	Miss E. Prowse 5 16 0
Miss Myrtle Ma- 7 0	Miss Kathleen Roe 5 0
tin 10 0	Miss Diana Knox 2 6 6
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Miss G. K. Thomas 5 0	Miss Elizabeth 3 6
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Miss Joan Beavin 5 0	Miss Lily Burdell 3 0
Travelling Pen Club (per Miss C. Il- 2 17 0	Miss Anna McMurtry 3 0
well) 1 15 0	Miss B. E. Fannin 10 0
Miss J. Goodrum 10 0	Miss Ella Butter- 5 0
Miss Doris Hughes 6 6	worth 3 6
Miss Cecile John- 15 0	Miss Mildred Stitt 1 0
son 5 0	W. E. J. Wang 1 0
Miss H. Pelroy 5 0	Miss Daphne Far- 1 0 0
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Miss E. H. Finch 5 0	Miss L. Monro 1 0 0
Miss Wendy Jack- 5 0	Miss Marjorie 3 0
son 1 0 0	Penna 1 6
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Miss Beatrice Loos 1 6	Miss Olive A. 5 0
Miss Ruby Owen 12 0	Henry 6 0
Miss Leila Bonney 2 6	Miss Margaret Rob- 6 0
Petherick 6 6	son 5 0
Miss Dolly Robin- 2 6	Ingh O. Glavo 5 0
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ALL applications for advertisement space should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "The Children's Newspaper," Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.



## FIVE-MINUTE STORY

ONE day the little lady who bought Timothy Derek Brighteyes, the dormouse with the 'woffelly' nose, said to her large family of children, "We must have some cocoons."

"What are cocoons?" they asked eagerly.

"Wait and see!" said the little lady, smiling.

Soon a tiny parcel arrived. The little lady took off the paper, and there was a pill-box. She took off the lid, and inside were some little pieces of pink blotting-paper, and on them were a few tiny dots, no bigger than pin heads.

"What are they?"

"Eggs. Puss-moth eggs," said the little lady, and she handed the box round, and they all had a good look.

"We are going to put them in an airy box in a shady place with some poplar leaves, and we shall see what we shall see!"

And they did.

Out of the tiny eggs came creepy, crawly caterpillars, velvety black, each with a face like a tiny kitten.

The children fed them every day with fresh poplar leaves, which they were careful to gather from the same tree.

"What will they do?" they asked, as they saw how big and fat they were growing.

"Wait and see!" said the little lady again, as she put a large piece of new cork into the box.

And they did.

One morning they could see no caterpillars at all.

"They're under the cork!" they said, and lifted it up carefully.

But they weren't there!

Then they noticed that in some of the crinkled hollows of the cork there were small brown splotches.

"What are those?" they asked.

"The cocoons, and our caterpillars are inside. They are their little houses; they stay there for a long time, till they have changed from creepy, crawly caterpillars into—"

"What?" said all the children.

"Wait and see!" laughed the little lady.

So they did; and many weeks later they saw a pretty sight. Their first Puss Moth,